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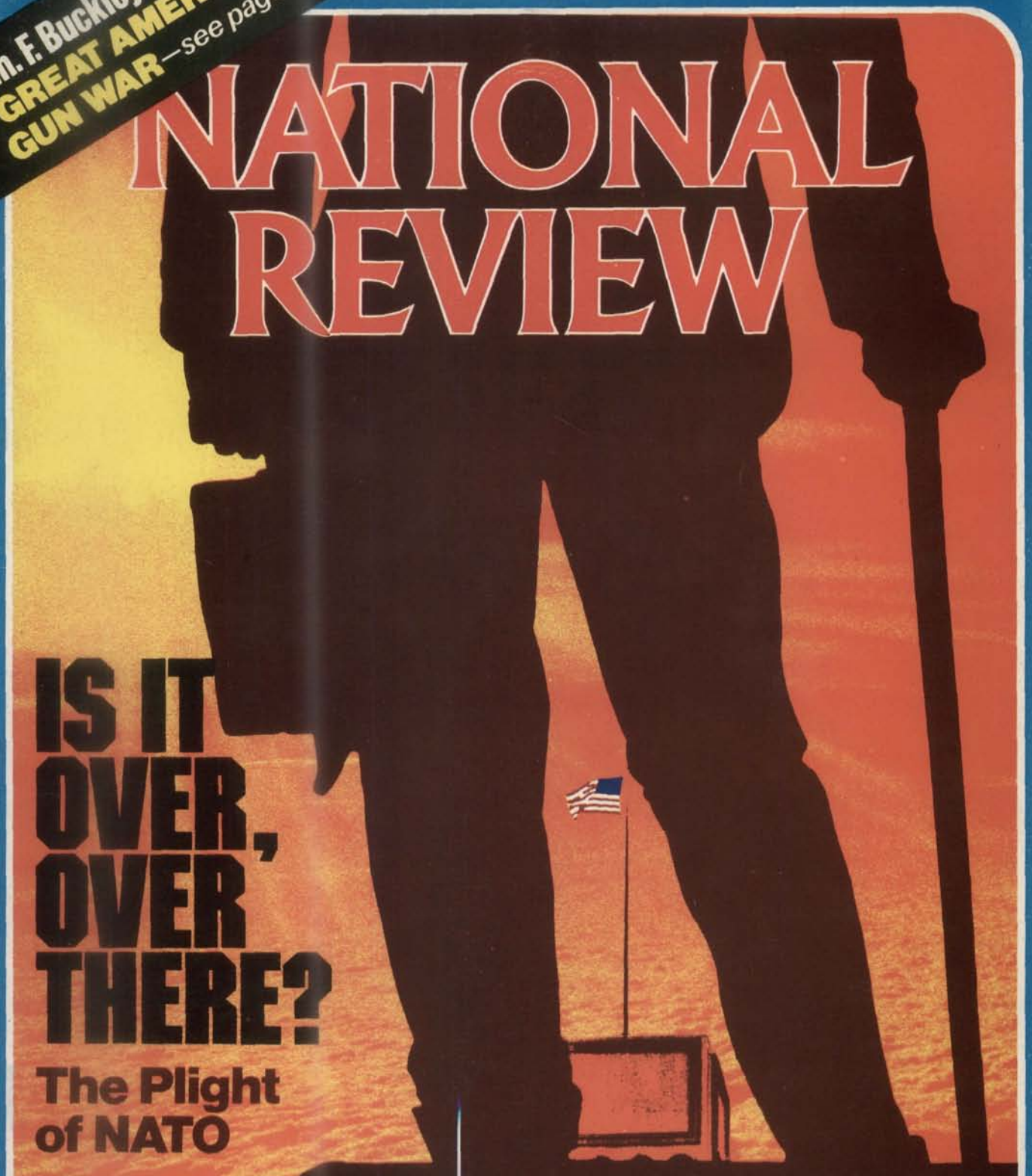
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
THE GREAT AMERICAN
GUN WAR—see page 223

NATIONAL REVIEW



IS IT OVER, OVER THERE?

The Plight of NATO

LORD CHALFONT

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JAMES BURNHAM: "THE SORENSEN LESSON"
CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR. ON TOM WOLFE
: "PRIESTLY ORDINATION"
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Brand M	8	0.5
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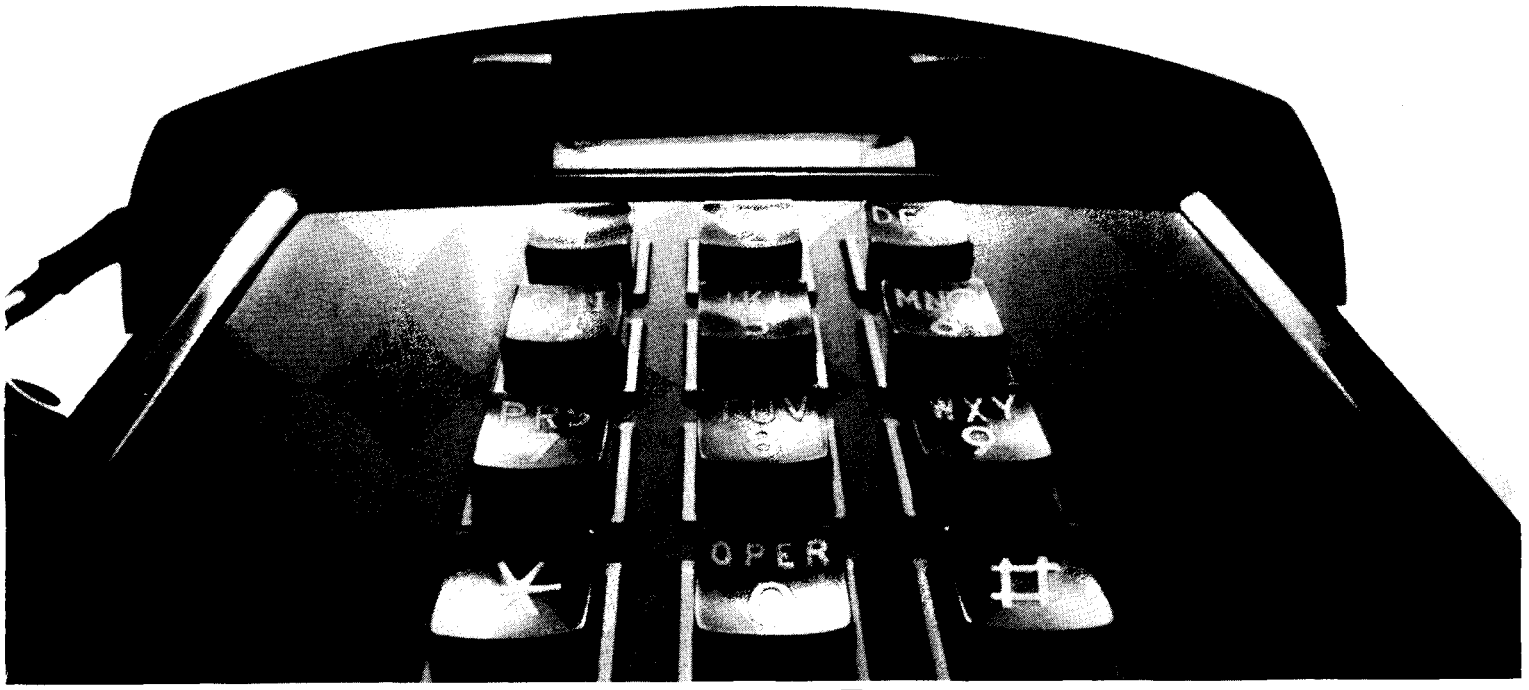

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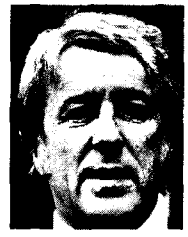

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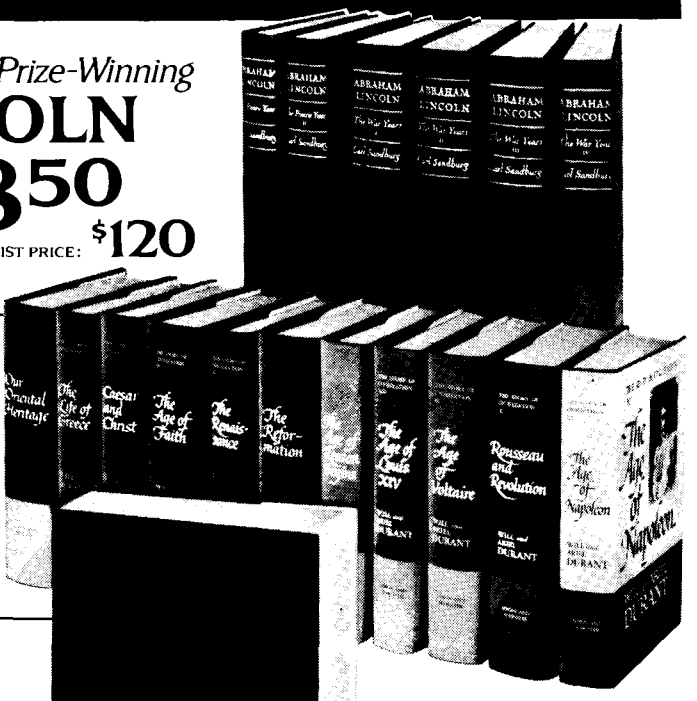

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Letters

The Wedge

To tell the truth, I often just skip economics articles, economics not exactly being my metier. But this notion of the "wedge," in Arthur B. Laffer's "Unemployment and Taxes" [Feb. 4], intrigued me, and I kept reading. And I was glad that I did. The wedge and the minimum wage laws aren't just the province of the economist. They affect working women who can't find anyone who is willing to do domestic work, and store owners who can't afford to hire people to keep the goods properly arranged on the shelves, and cities that are filthy in the summertime and don't have the ice chipped off the sidewalks in the wintertime because no one will do that kind of work when he could be sitting home collecting welfare instead. And one of my biggest gripes is that Social Security retirement test; which means that to get the money you've paid in all those years, you can't continue to work after 65, even if you have some expertise that your former employers would like to continue to draw on.

Well, I could go on for pages, but Mr. Laffer summed it up in half a sentence: "with a larger share of output going to the tax wedge, employers and employees will switch from work and production into non-work and non-production." Bravo, Mr. Laffer.

Hartford, Conn. BARBARA LEE JONES

Tweedledumdee

R. Emmett Tyrrell's review of Hubert Humphrey's apologia [Dec. 24] reminded me that life does imitate art. Adlai Stevenson was a double for Tenniel's Mad Hatter; Hubert Humphrey is a look-alike for Tweedledum—or, for that matter, Tweedledee—with all the aggressive inconsequence of those more charming zanies.

In both cases the resemblance extends eerily beyond the physical. Adlai contended that we had only to disarm unilaterally and world opinion would compel Russia to do likewise: surely Mad Hatter cerebration. Just after the '72 election, Humphrey's brainchild was a Senate bill to blacklist Rhodesia and confine U.S. purchases of chromite—a metal essential to missile weaponry and nuclear propulsion—to Russia, on the ground that Rhodesia's regime was repressive.

That, by the way, had been the law once before, and Russia had promptly tripled the price, amid whispers that she was simply transshipping to us at $72 a ton Rhodesian ore purchased at $25, the price we had been paying.

Worthington, Mass. F. P. GRADY

Escape into Hell

Like J. P. McFadden [Dec. 24], I too puzzled while reading *In Necessity and Sorrow*. The book, indeed, is about guilt, but what kind of guilt? Obviously not that guilt which drives one to repentance. Nor that guilt which psychiatrists "exorcise" as unnecessary and unhealthy (Dr. Denes has little liking for those who "desensitize" themselves to the horror of it all). No, this is guilt we must accept (even as we compound it), because the killing must go on. The vision is almost noble—frail man, trapped in his own finitude, pinned to the wall of unavoidable evil, courageously facing this hell, accepting its burdens, reaching new levels of growth and awareness in the living-out of his horrible acts. Does Dr. Denes seriously propose such a view of man?

Within 24 hours the answer came. Reading through *Eichmann in Jerusalem* the next day, I came across that section in which Hannah Arendt discusses the question of how Nazis involved in the extermination of Jews could cope with the instinctive pity they must have felt for their victims. In Miss Arendt's words, "The trick used by Himmler—who apparently was rather strongly afflicted with these instinctive reactions himself—was very simple and probably very effective; it consisted in turning these instincts around, as it were, in directing them toward the self. So that instead of saying: What horrible things I did to people! the murderers would be able to say: What horrible things I had to watch in the pursuance of my duties, how heavily the task weighed upon my shoulders."

A new vision of man? Hardly. Dr.

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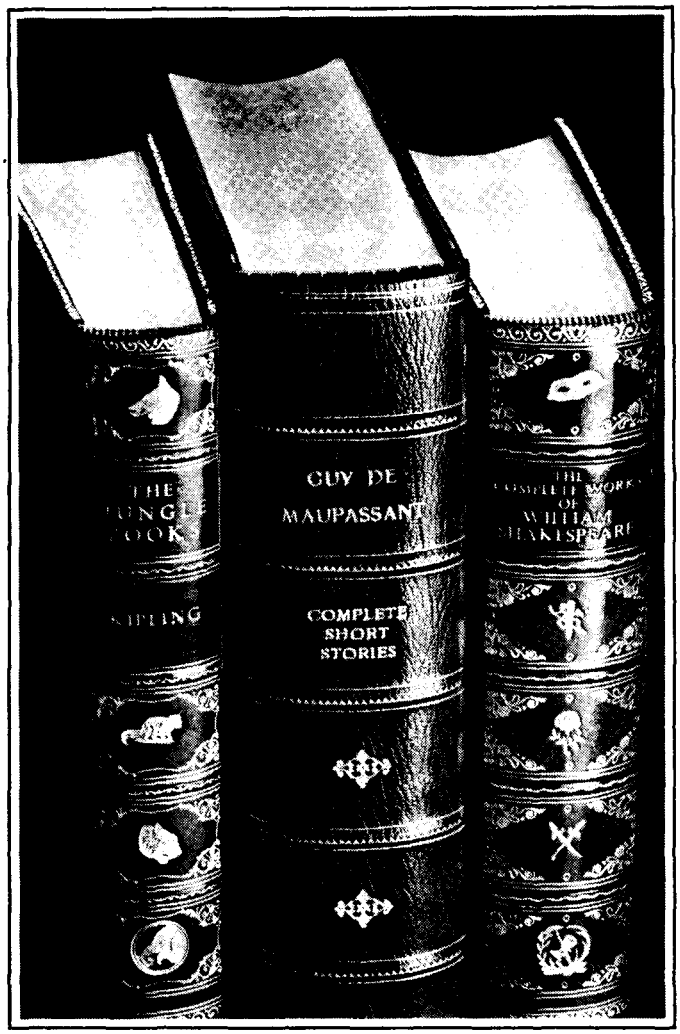

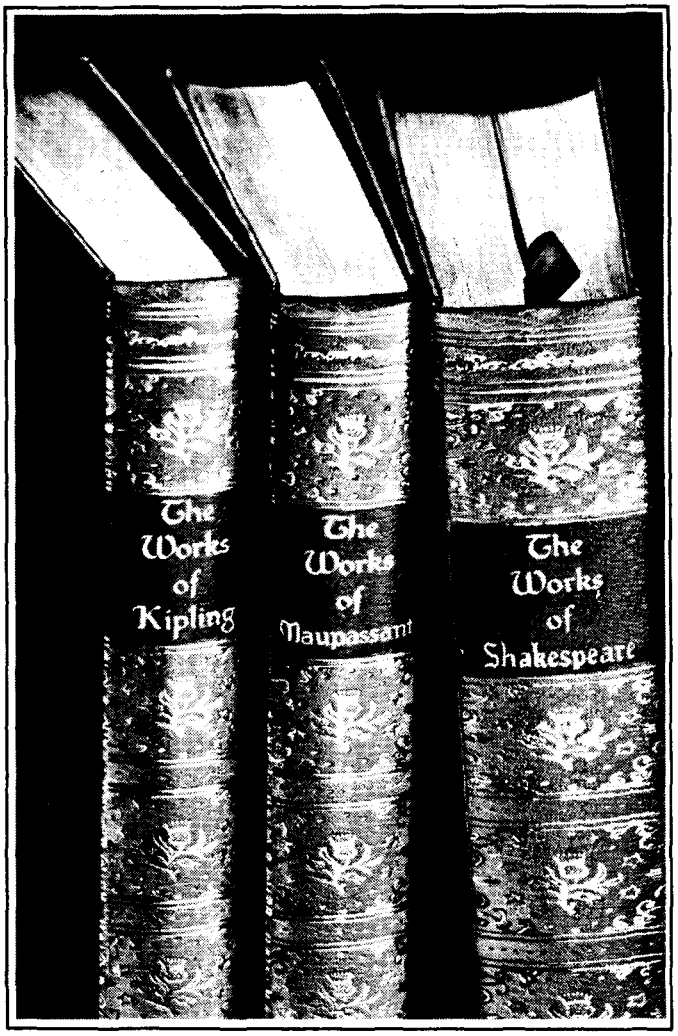

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Science and the Bible

John A. Miles Jr., in " 'Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?' " [Jan. 7], identifies society's major ailment—the lack of any standard by which individuals can judge their own behavior. The Bible used to provide that standard, but then there occurred scientific discoveries that appeared to contradict the Bible. Such discoveries of course were devastating to the spiritual message of the Bible—any source that makes statements about the physical world that are testable and found to be untrue is inevitably going to have limited credibility in its untestable statements about the nonphysical world. Thus, the original assumption—that the Bible contradicts observed facts of nature—remains important.

Miles says, "Geological deposits proved that the earth was older than the Bible said it was, zoological studies proved that man had evolved from simpler species rather than being created directly by God . . ."

Unfortunately, Miles didn't mention the increasing numbers of "creationist" scientists, who say that Genesis is more "scientific" than evolution. Creationist scientists point to such evidence as the fossil record. When Darwin looked at fossils, he recognized a systematic absence of "missing links." Since paleontology was then a young science, Darwin predicted that missing links would appear as paleontology progressed. However, they never appeared among the billions of fossils uncovered; not a single transitional form, for instance, has ever been found between vertebrates and invertebrates.

Furthermore, the fossil record fits Genesis perfectly. The creationists say most of the sedimentary strata in the earth's crust —the strata which contain the fossils— were laid down catastrophically, in about a year, in the Flood.

Jersey Shore, Pa. E. JAY NILSSON

With regard to geological deposits nullifying the biblical timetable, it would seem that Mr. Miles doesn't know or didn't consider that the Bible nowhere reveals when the beginning was. This being so, how can geological deposits prove the earth predates the beginning? And how can one be so incautious as to undertake a countback to that awesome era, when we are not given to know the length of the six days of creation or the interval between them? Were those days, as most think, six 24-hour periods, or were they six very great extensions in time, as is indicated, for one example, by that enduring day of rest, the seventh, that, having no morning or evening, must in logic extend down through the millennia to this very day. There are scriptural verses testifying to the effect that a thousand years is but a day, or a a watch in the night, with Jehovah God.

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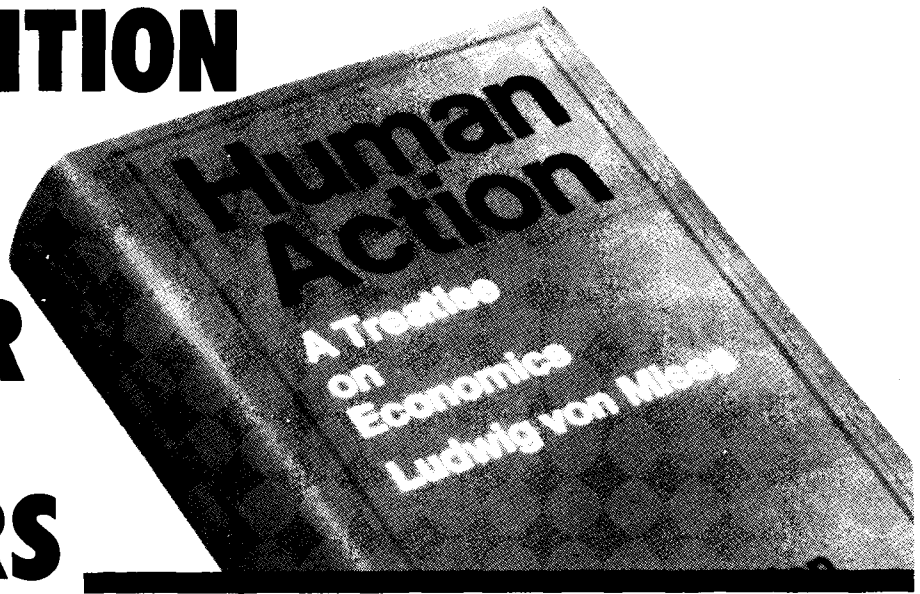

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And, just after the creation and blessing of the seventh day, we read in Genesis 2:4 that "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."

Atlanta, Ga. A. V. HARRIS

Although it was only tangential to the overall point of John Miles's article, I cannot allow his comment on Galileo to pass unchallenged. *NR* has been developing quite a little reputation as a myth-busting mag, taking on such sacred cows as the atrocity of Guernica, the innocence of Hiss, and the apotheosis of the blessed Sacco and Vanzetti. Now, however, one finds you opening your pages to one of the sillier but more persistent legends—the martyrdom of St. Galileo.

The facts are these: When Galileo was condemned by the Inquisition in 1616, he had broken his promise not to give wide circulation to his theories: he had them published in the vernacular, thus allowing them to be used by the secularist faction in Italy that was out to deracinate the Church. Furthermore, von Gebler, Galileo's Protestant biographer, admits that Galileo was never tortured, and was not even in a true sense imprisoned: he was under a sort of loose house arrest, which permitted him to stay at the villas and town-houses of rich friends at Rome.

Cardinal Bellarmine, one of the great lights of the Council of Trent, wrote to the Carmelite Foscarini, who was a defender of the Galilean theory, that if the heliocentric hypothesis should be demonstrated, then the Church would begin the careful reinterpretation of those passages of Scripture that it had previously believed supported geocentrism.

For Catholicism, of course, it could have been no great trauma to alter the accepted sense of some biblical passages that dealt with no vital doctrine. One finds in St. Augustine (e.g., *De Doctrina Christiana*) the clear idea that some passages of Scripture are to be taken quite literally—although still retaining a figurative sense—while other passages are to be interpreted only on the metaphorical level.

The martyrdom of Galileo is, I fear, not so much a misinterpretation of history as an article of faith in the hagiology of certain newer creeds—secular humanism, rationalist Protestantism, and Marxism.

Binghamton, N.Y. PATRICK O'NEIL

John Miles has shed much light on the confusing interplay of science and religion. I'm bothered, though, by his belief that "Eventually, science may face the complexities and discover the power of moral tradition as adequately as it has faced the smaller complexities and discovered the smaller power of the physical world." No matter how many times I read that statement, I reach the same astonishing conclusion, namely, that Mr. Miles believes science is capable of eventually replacing religion as the arbiter of moral tradition. Although science has had success in unraveling many of the mysteries in the physical world, it would be disastrous to suppose that it could do the same in the moral world, which, in any case, is immune to test-tube assaults. To grant science the capability of discovering the source of moral tradition is to grant it the capability of revealing the face of God, something which, I believe, can only be done through the power of His saving grace.

It would be infinitely better to have science maintain a morally neutral stance than to have it attempt to assume the role of Science, our Savior.

FPO, New York MARK FARLEY

A Wallop by Any Other Name

I read Nino Lo Bello's "What's in an English Name?" [Jan. 21] with great enjoyment.

I believe Over Wallop and Middle Wallop are in Gloucestershire. There is, however, a third Wallop, not Lower nor Under but, appropriately enough, Nether Wallop. The name brought home to me painful boyhood memories of my headmaster's prowess with a cane.

My brother once owned a farm in Sussex which was located on Slugwash Lane.

Near my old home in the Lincolnshire Fen country were two villages called Wisbech St. Mark and Wisbech St. Luke. A Mr. Bodger had a large farm in the neighborhood. For the direction of strangers there was erected a three-fingered signpost marked St. Luke, St. Mark, and Mr. Bodger—an unusual association, perhaps, but not in England.

Bronxville, N.Y. R. N. USHER-WILSON

Economy and Ecology

It was heartening to read Adam Meyerson's review of *Small Is Beautiful* [Dec. 24]. To see conservation of our resources spoken of seriously and even approvingly is something rare for *NR* readers. Usually we are told that the economy must expand continuously, that we should have built the Concorde, that environmentalists are a freaky nuisance. Granted that there may be truth to the latter statement, still, we shall have to come to terms with the fact that indefinite industrial expansion will surely, and not even slowly, kill this planet, this space-ship earth.

James Robertson, author of *Profit or People* and *Power, Money, and Sex*, speaks of the need for a steady-state economy: "We're talking about a closed system, that is to say, a situation where everything is inside the system. There are no resources to be taken as though they were God-given from outside ad infinitum, and there is no rubbish heap into which things can be pushed, ad infinitum. The resources are those we've got and the rubbish we have to live with." He projects that over the next fifty years or so, we shall have to reorder our thinking so as to

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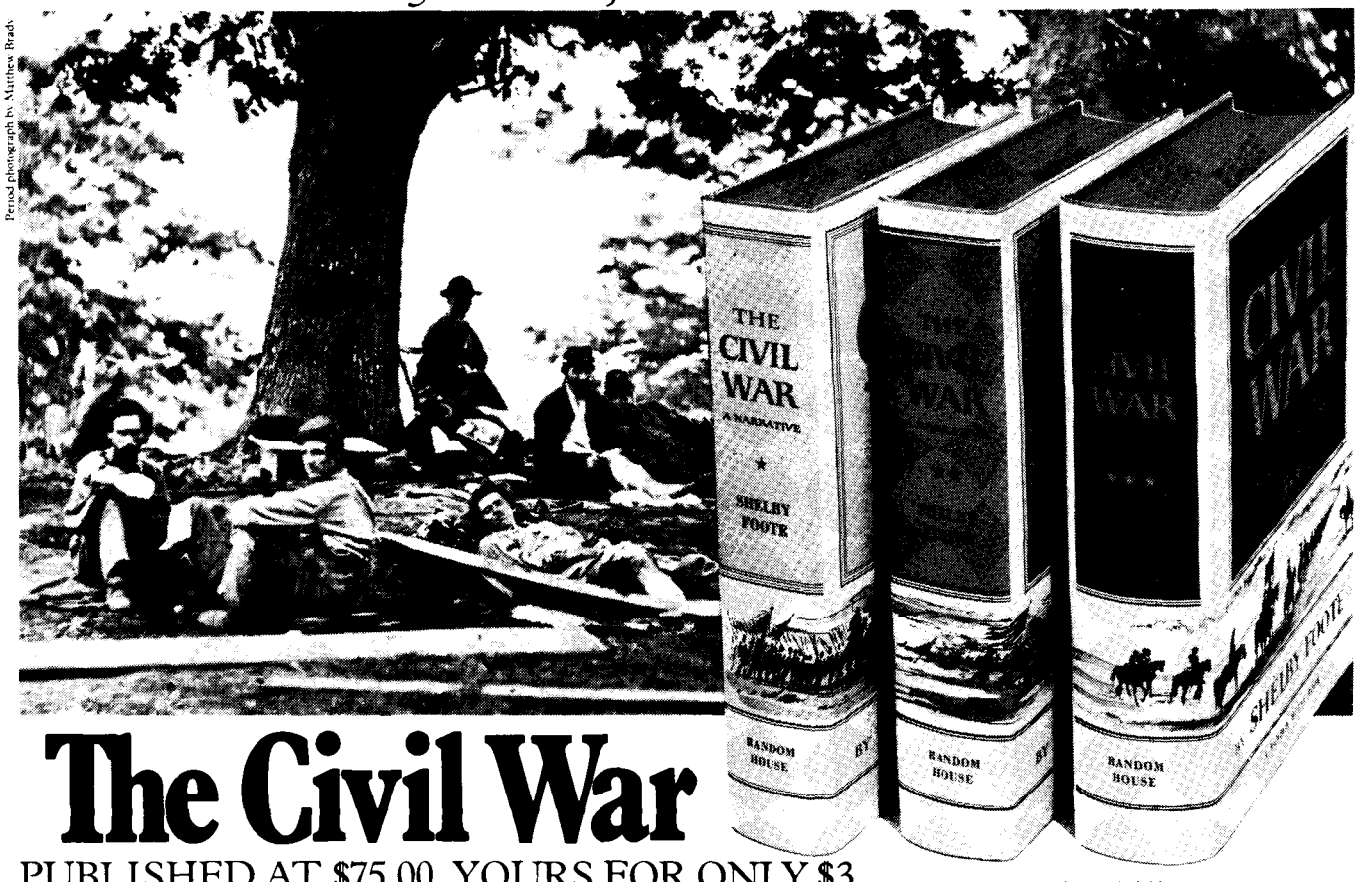
100 years later, the wounds still bleed.



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Here the great Stonewall Jackson, accidentally wounded at Chancellorsville, gives his last orders:

He left the sentence unfinished, seeming thus to have put the war behind him; for he smiled as he spoke his last words... "Let us cross the river," he said, "and rest under the shade of the trees."
—Volume II, Fredericksburg to Meridan.

And here a nameless foot soldier defies an order, during the Confederate retreat from Nashville:

"You go to hell—I've been there," the man replied, and kept on trudging southward in the rain. None among them had any way of knowing that the war's last great battle had been fought. All they knew was they wanted no more of it...
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bring economic and ecological considerations into harmony, instead of the mutual antagonism they now display. That conservatives should play a leading role in such a turn-around seems obvious.

New Haven, Conn. HOPE KIRKPATRICK

My long wait for a review of Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful* has finally been rewarded. And though Adam Meyerson does treat Schumacher fairly, he also, as expected, missed the point. The message of *Small Is Beautiful* is not "diluted," though it may be obscure or imperfectly communicated. It is just what the title implies, and if Schumacher seems to draw from sources as diverse as Thomas Carlyle, Buddha, or (I'd say) Bucky Fuller, then so be it. Furthermore, I don't think you can accept Schumacher's views on Third World development and non-renewable resources while casually tossing aside his condemnation of nuclear power. Nuclear power is, in some respects, the zenith of the short-sighted materialism one would expect from a world whose economic sage is Keynes. It's just another attempt to stave off the deterioration in the quality of life by a quantitative approach.

As Mr. Meyerson says, Schumacher is in many ways a conservative, and I hope he continues to be read. Small *is* beautiful.

Mesa, Ariz. PHIL HOOD

Points

Russell Kirk's report "Sunshine Filtering Through" [Dec. 24] contains a minor inaccuracy: Cardinal Newman College has been established on the old campus of the Logan College of Chiropractic in Normandy (north St. Louis), Missouri—not on the campus of "an expiring Catholic girls' college." As a member of the Board of Trustees, Kirk should be better informed. Copies of the new college's 1977-78 catalogue can be obtained by writing to the Director of Admissions, Cardinal Newman College, 7701 Florissant Road, Normandy, Mo. 63121.

St. Louis, Mo. SARAH WEEMS

Re Mitchell S. Ross's review of *The Rise of the Mediocracy* [Nov. 26]: "A serious book . . . is bound to be a very bad book indeed." WOT?

No, you tell me, he didn't say that. He said, "A serious book which happens also to be a purposeless book is bound to be a very bad book indeed."

No, I tell you, he didn't say that. He put commas around the restrictive clause, and turned it into a non-restrictive clause.

And so befouled the whole meaning of the sentence, not to say the review entire.

Really, *NR*! If I can't trust you, what's left to trust—Carter?

North Hollywood, Calif. N. B. WINKLESS JR.

Nice try. Francis Hatch isn't the *majority* leader in Massachusetts' state government ["The Week," Jan. 21]. He's one of the few Republicans *left* on Beacon Hill. Republicans can't even uphold a veto.

It's okay, though, we've got Ed Brooke to help us out. Maybe we could get Typhoid Mary too!

Pittsfield, Mass. DAVID H. COOPER

Erratum

In the review of Lillian Hellman's Scoundrel Time *[Jan. 21] by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.,* America *magazine was listed as among those journals that printed favorable reviews of Miss Hellman's book. Mr. Buckley erred: in fact the review, by the Reverend Robert C. Hartnett, SJ, was critical.* —ED.

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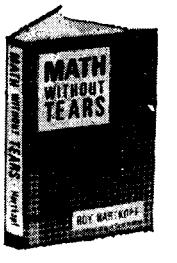

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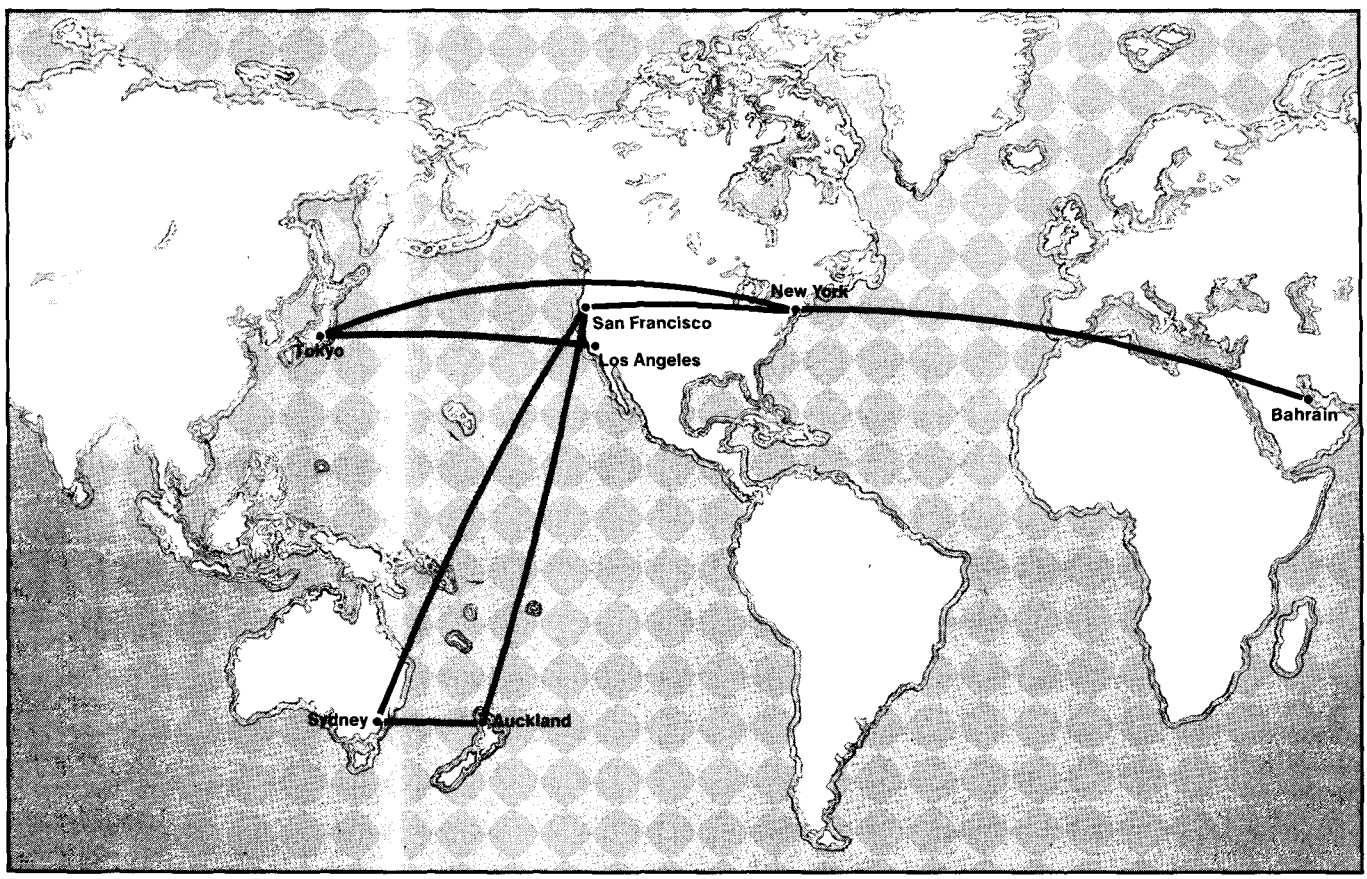

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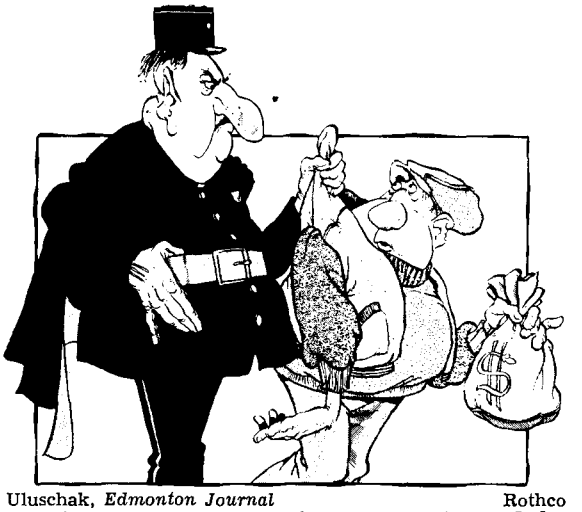
FOR THE RECORD

■ The **Carter** Administration has the conspiracy theorists working overtime. There's the Coca-Cola connection: HEW Secretary **Joseph Califano** and Attorney General **Griffin Bell** were members of law firms Coke used in Washington. **Charles W. Duncan Jr.**, a past president of Coke, is Deputy Secretary of Defense. Coke chairman **J. Paul Austin** doesn't have a spot in Administration, but, as a Carter friend, he has access, which potential customers such as Egypt's **Anwar Sadat** find pleasant. . . . The IBM connection: **Vance**, Defense Secretary **Harold Brown**, and HUD Secretary **Patricia Harris** were all directors of IBM. Bell and Carter confidant **Charles Kirbo** are members of Atlanta law firm that represents IBM in region. Under-Secretary of State **Warren Christopher** is member of firm that represents IBM in the West. Carter's science and technology advisor, **Lewis Branscomb**, is vice president and chief of technology for IBM. Two other IBM people, **Jane Cahill Pfeiffer** and **Irving Shapiro,** were said to have been tapped but turned down positions. . . . The Trilateral Commission connection: **Mondale**, Vance, Brown, Harris, and Treasury Secretary **Michael Blumenthal** are members. National Security Advisor **Zbigniew Brzezinski** is its director and co-founder. . . . Carter's most controversial appointment—after **Ted Sorensen**—is nomination of **Paul C. Warnke** as head of Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Warnke, a **McGovern** advisor in '72 and an advocate of unilateral U.S. restraint in nuclear weaponry in hopes of persuading Soviet restraint, has further disturbed the already worried Democratic center and right. *Christian Science Monitor* reports that a Warnke condition for accepting post is that he be given control of SALT talks which are scheduled to get under way in March.



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Can't you pretend I'm just a terrorist and let me go?"

■ **W. Clement Stone**, former **Nixon** bankroller, plans to raise $1 million to help elect Republican **Richard B. Ogilvie**, former governor of Illinois, as mayor of Chicago in special June 7 election to fill the **Daley** seat. The Democratic nominee will probably be interim mayor **Michael A. Bilandic**, who has backing of Daley machine. . . . Rabbi **Baruch Korff** has resigned as head of the President Nixon Justice Fund. His successor is **Lloyd R. Johnson**, a Michigan nursing-home operator and longtime Nixon supporter. Korff made clear that his resignation "does not diminish my support for President Nixon in any way." . . . **Citizens for Reagan** has been reborn. The committee that conducted Ronald Reagan's primary challenge against Gerald Ford now goes by name Citizens for the Republic. The group hopes to raise money for conservative candidates—and says it will criticize GOP as well as the Democrats. . . . Moving a few degrees left: **Jeremy Rifkin**'s People's Bicentennial Commission has also changed its name but kept its initials. Rifkin's PBC now stands for People's Business Commission. . . . **Alger Hiss** is hitting the campus lecture circuit. Money raised will be used for a good cause: the vindication, this year, of Alger Hiss. . . . Inspired by Carter's Vietnam pardon, Portuguese Prime Minister **Mario Soares**, French Socialist **François Mitterrand**, Italian Communist **Enrico Berlinguer**, and other European officials have appealed to Carter to grant a posthumous pardon to **Sacco** and **Vanzetti**, executed in 1927.

■ Joint Chiefs of Staff has replied to recently retired Air Force intelligence chief General **George S. Keegan**, whose parting gesture was an alarming interview about U.S.-USSR military balance. The Soviets, the service chiefs said, lead in throw-weight and equivalent megatonnage, while the U.S. leads in bomber payload, missile accuracy, numbers of warheads. . . . NATO officials are more alarmed. *Newsweek*'s **Arnaud de Borchgrave** quotes a NATO official as saying that if the facts were known, it would "provoke widespread panic"; another official says: "If the true state of European security were explained by a responsible official, we would induce paralysis or apathy instead of the collective response we are all seeking." . . . A U.S. Army study on NATO nuclear tactics says by the time a request to fire nuclear weapons went up and down chain of command, 24 hours would have elapsed—time for **Warsaw Pact** troops to be in West Germany.

■ Chinese Hit Parade: *People's Daily* reports that the best-selling record in **Peking** is "Indignantly Condemn the Wang-Chan-Chiang-Yao Gang of Four," but "Everyone Is Rejoicing over the Wiping Out of the Four Pests" also has a lot of fingers snapping.

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THE WEEK

■ NATIONAL REVIEW regrets to announce that its patience with the Carter Administration is now exhausted.*

■ British journalist Robert Moss's book *Chile's Marxist Experiment*, which caused a great scandal in Britain because of its alleged CIA subsidy, is now stirring up Washington as well. Representative Don Edwards, California liberal Democrat, now charges that the book "seriously violated" the First Amendment, which guarantees the free flow of information "unpolluted by secret government propaganda." This is particularly serious, Edwards said, because if the CIA did subsidize the book, it would also be a violation of its own charter. In fact, the case is significant for other reasons: Edwards, as chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, has turned upside down First Amendment strictures against Congress' interfering with freedom of speech, i.e., against Edwards' interfering with Moss and his freedom to publish. His attack on Moss's book is part of an apparent campaign against individuals in the U.S. and Europe who are connected with or sympathetic to the anti-Allende policial forces. (Former Ambassador to Chile Edward Korry has not been able to obtain work as a journalist, though he had been a distinguished one, because of his alleged anti-Allende role; cf. "The Korry Case," *NR*, Jan. 21.) It will be interesting to see if the civil-liberty and free-speech types call Edwards to account for his assault upon constitutional rights.

■ The New York Port Authority is due to hold hearings February 10 on whether the supersonic Concorde jetliner can start a trial period at Kennedy Airport. The lucrative New York passenger trade is vital to the Anglo-French aircraft, as witness the fact that its present, near-capacity Washington flights have cost its operators, Air France and British Airways, millions of dollars in losses so far. Whatever the economics of the plane, it seems foolish for New York to turn its back permanently on the supersonic age by refusing even to give Concorde a try.

■ The cries of pain are loud, but the Supreme Court has been deviating yet further toward common sense. Following up its assorted recent decisions in cases concerning alleged racial discrimination, the Burger Court has now vacated by a 6 to 3 vote a federal appeals court ruling that had upheld an inner-city-to-suburb busing plan fashioned for the Indianapolis schools. The Justices instructed the Court of Appeals to consider whether or not there was sufficient evidence to prove that the Indianapolis school system had comported itself with *intent* to discriminate, the Supreme Court having demanded such proof in prior recent cases. And, on the same day, the Court acted to restrict its *Miranda* decision of 1966, which held that statements made by a defendant while he is in "custodial interrogation" may not later be used against him in court if, before making those statements, he had not been informed of his rights. In the present case—which concerned a suspect who underwent questioning at the police station, after which he confessed and *then* received his *Miranda* notification—an Oregon court had found that the plaintiff's rights had been violated inasmuch as his questioning had taken place in a "coercive environment." However, the Justices took the narrow view of the "custody" clause, arguing that "Any interview of one suspected of a crime by a police officer [*sic*] will have coercive aspects to it, simply by virtue of the fact that the police officer is part of a law enforcement system which may ultimately cause the suspect to be charged with a crime. But police officers are not required to administer *Miranda* warnings to everyone whom they question." Much to the distress of the ACLU, among others, Their Honors did not even bother to give the case a full review, but arrived at a summary decision, as has been their wont of late.

■ Multinational corporations are popularly identified with the United States (wherein the home offices are

"Before you hand over your purse, I assure you I'm doing this on my own. It has no bearing on my duties as your congressman."

*(See below, "Carter in Action," p. 193.)

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

This wretched winter has finally forced the men who manage our government to face up to the energy crisis they have been studiously ignoring for the past decade. And although they may forget all about it again on the first warm day in April, for the moment, at least, they seem determined to act. True, what has happened up to now has taken the form primarily of public-relations gimmickry borrowed from the Nixon years. Nixon, unlike Carter, did not don long-johns. He did, however, during the embargo of 1973-74, turn down federal thermostats, as Carter is doing. He also cut back on limousines, grounded the presidential backup plane, and at one point even took a commercial flight to San Clemente. William Simon, Nixon's newly appointed energy czar, asked us not to decorate our homes with Christmas lights, and for a time people seemed willing to cut back radically on energy consumption. In Washington, the talk was of deregulation and energy self-sufficiency. Then came the Watergate spring, and the whole energy problem dropped from official consciousness. But now it's back with a vengeance, and many experts here believe the government is ready to develop a comprehensive energy program.

Thus far, Carter has gotten emergency natural-gas legislation that amounts to little more than a sleight-of-hand system for moving shortages from one section of the country to another. Until the industry is totally and permanently deregulated, the experts believe, supplies cannot be sufficiently increased. Nevertheless, they also believe that when James Schlesinger settles in as energy czar we will finally see the beginnings of a comprehensive national energy policy.

Devising it won't be easy. First of all there is the problem of consolidating the sprawling federal energy empire itself. Then there is the problem of likely opposition from such potent interests as the consumerists and environmentalists. In private, Schlesinger speaks favorably of nuclear energy as the most realistic alternative source available to fill the gap between the day the oil runs out and the day more exotic sources such as solar and geothermal energy are in place and widely available. And he is said by those who know him to favor relaxing environmental strictures that currently prevent the large-scale development of coal. It will be extremely difficult to finesse an energy program involving such basic heresies through a Congress that trembles at the approach of consumerist-environmentalist lobbyists. But energy experts here believe the Carter Administration may be able to pull it off. Only a Republican Administration perceived as conservative could have pulled off the Red China gambit, they say; similarly, it may be that only a Democratic Administration perceived as liberal could bring off a coherent national energy program.

■ Because of the disruptions caused by the winter, there seems to be a new mood growing, tentatively, on Capitol Hill. Whether it will last remains a question, but for the moment the emphasis seems to be on fiscal prudence. The phrase "Humphrey-Hawkins" is seldom uttered these days in polite company. Edmund Muskie and other budgetary big guns say there will be no comprehensive national-health-insurance legislation this session, and Jimmy Carter says his Administration will not propose such legislation until HEW can prove on paper that we can pay for it. Oil-company divestiture is dead, and some of the pet projects of congressional liberals are running into unexpected trouble. Legislation to create a consumer protection agency is moving sluggishly through the Senate, and many believe that it is in deep trouble in the House, in no small part because of the personality of the bill's sponsor, New York Representative Ben Rosenthal. Rosenthal, widely viewed as arrogant and aloof, managed to nursemaid the bill through the House last time round, but by a margin of only nine votes. Some head-counters here believe that if a vote on the agency were taken tomorrow, there is a chance it could be defeated by a half-dozen votes.

—CATO

mostly based), with capitalism (since they are run for profit), and with imperialism (since their operations are globally extended). It is therefore not surprising that multinationals have for some years been targets of a major Communist propaganda campaign that was able to exploit the revelations and accusations of illegal payments hither and yon. The Communists see no reason to abandon a drive that has been yielding steady political dividends. In mid-December representatives of most West European Communist parties—both the publicly independent French and Italian parties and the publicly faithful parties like the West German, Portuguese, Greek, Austrian, and Swedish—met in Düsseldorf, West Germany, to coordinate a continuing drive against the multinationals. For old friendship's sake, no doubt, an aide of Boris Ponomarev (chief of the Soviet bureau in charge of relations with Communist parties in non-Communist nations) dropped in from Moscow. The conference adopted plans for a joint committee to direct the parties' campaign (slated to include strikes as well as propaganda in the coming phase) and to link it up with other Moscow-controlled organizations, in particular with the World Federation of Trade Unions.

■ Francis Dana Payne, an Exxon stockholder, believes that the $40-billion-a-year enterprise ought to cease subsidizing, with corporate dollars, institutions hostile to the capitalist system. He has proposed two resolutions to stockholders: 1) that Exxon buy ads in neutral or pro-business media sources; 2) that Exxon stop donating to charitable institutions. "Instead, Exxon shall pay these donations directly to the stockholders as increased dividends . . . or Exxon shall lower the price of petroleum products to benefit all customers." The corporate lawyers have responded with mild panic, according to columnist Patrick Buchanan, claiming that the resolutions would hinder corporate management, that the company had no definition of pro-business media outlets, and that therefore it would not give Mr. Payne a hearing. That point about not being able to recognize pro- or anti-business media bias is hilarious; maybe Exxon needs sharper lawyers. Meanwhile, unlike his corporate an-

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tagonists, Mr. Payne appears to believe in capitalism. Stay tuned.

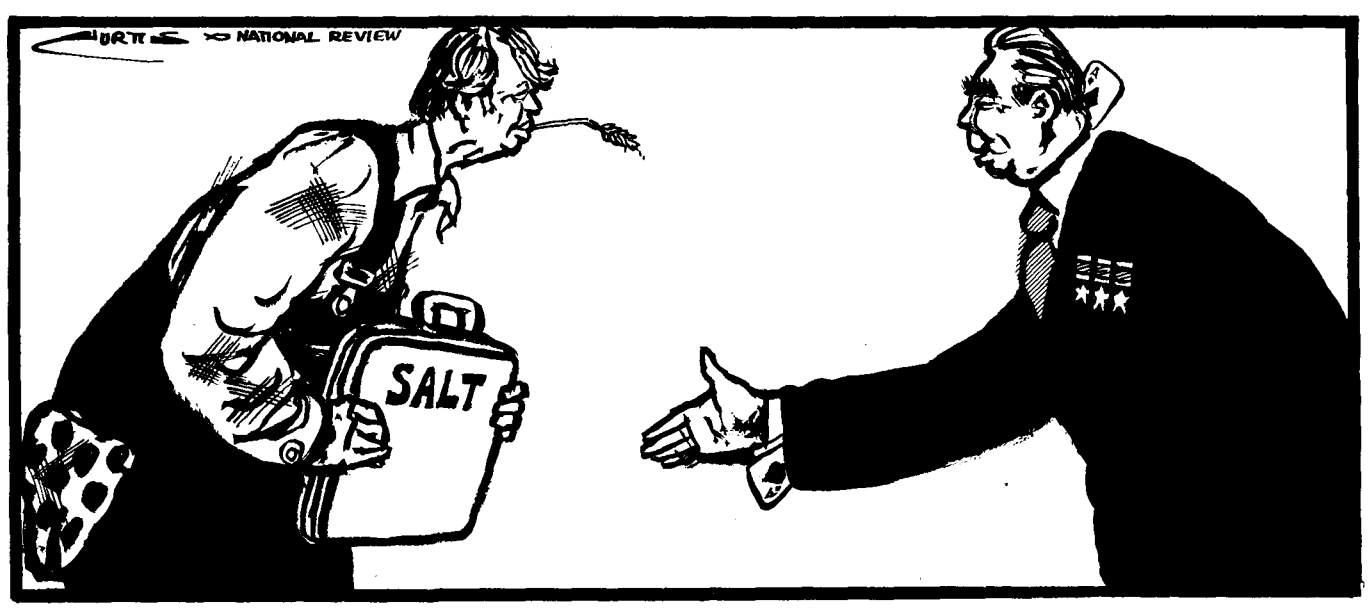
■ In 1972 the Club of Rome (an international society of academics, mostly physicists, biologists, and sociologists) published *Limits of Growth*. Its message was a computerized version of the Voice of Doom's perennial prophecy of the approaching end of civilization—before this century is finished, according to the Club's calendar. *Limits of Growth* was an instantaneous global best-seller and media sensation (lead stories in the news magazines, specials on TV, the works). For two years Club of Rome members were the darlings of the top-bracket lecture circuits; audiences of thousands lapped up their dire predictions of looming disaster. The comments of a few skeptics stirred not so much as a ripple. A couple of months ago the Club of Rome published its second book—*Beyond the Age of Waste*, composed by a team of 36 Club scientists. The new dispensation reveals that, after all, things are not really *too* bad and we're going to pull through for a few more millennia. The 36 authors, who now describe themselves as "pragmatic technological optimists," explain that nuclear energy alone is capable of supplying four times the present world population with twice the current U.S. level of per capita energy consumption. Adding the new types of energy—solar, geothermal, etc.—we can keep the thermostat at boiling point if we feel chilly. Raw materials are a cinch—few are really scarce and the scientists already can produce substitutes for these. Food may take a little more doing, but nothing serious. When Professor Umberto Colombo of Milan University (co-chairman of the Committee of 36) journeyed to London January 27 to discuss the new outlook from the dais of the largest auditorium in Queen Mary College, fewer than fifty persons were there to hear the glad tidings.

■ Quebec's new premier, René Levesque, committed to eventual independence for the province, did not make an especially favorable impression on the American bankers to whom he spoke in New York last week. Quebec, deeply in debt, will need to borrow money soon, and Levesque was full of assurances about the opportunities an independent Quebec would give American investors (which is probably true: an independent Quebec, many think, would want to be more closely connected with the U.S. than with the Canada it had just left). But bankers in capitalist countries do not as a rule enjoy the prospect of turmoil and political unpredictability, though their dubious reactions were nothing compared to Prime Minister Trudeau's: his problem is that if Quebec does declare its independence, the oil- and mineral-rich western provinces might get the same idea, leaving the remaining provinces politically as well as financially bankrupt.

■ LIBERATION NOTES. The Rhodesian Information Office reports: "Of the more than seven hundred Rhodesian civilians killed by terrorists over the last four years, 90 per cent have been black."

■ Israel has passed a liberalized abortion law, and Italy will soon, it now appears, pass an even more liberal one, permitting abortion virtually on demand. Meanwhile the Vatican, again drawing a line now become indelible, is proceeding to beatify an Italian mother (herself a physician, by the way) who not only refused to abort when her life was threatened by pregnancy, but also directed that the child be saved even if it should cost her own life. It did. Gianna Molla Beretta's daughter is now 14 years old.

■ The Department of Agriculture has won Senator Proxmire's Golden Fleece Award this month by spending $46,000 to devise something called the "time measurement unit" (TMU), which is equal to 0.036 seconds, or



"Trust me."

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27.777777 to the second, 1666.6666 to the minute. D of A experts, stopwatch in hand, have somehow determined that it takes 838 TMUs to fix breakfast (30.168 seconds), unless you want French toast, which takes 960 TMUs (34.56 seconds), including 22 TMUs to get the egg (0.79 seconds) and 15 TMUs to crack the egg on the side of a bowl (0.54 seconds). It ought to be worth at least $46,000 more to find out how many TMUs you need to clean up spilled egg.

■ Non-Native Americans in Maine and Massachusetts should be interested to learn that their tax dollars are being spent close to home. The biggest benefactor of the Native American Rights Fund (NARF), the organization that is leading the fight to return large parts of Maine and Massachusetts to the Indians, is the Federal Government, which through its various agencies has given $446,000 to NARF, a sum that constitutes about one-third of its total budget.

■ EVELYN WAUGH, WHEREVER YOU ARE, JUST THINK OF IT! DEPT.: A funeral parlor in Louisiana has installed a drive-in window, so that motorists can view the departed without ever leaving their cars. "We wanted something," says the proprietor, "for working people who didn't have time to dress but wanted to show their condolences and sympathy."

■ A bunch of poetpersons with raised consciousnesses has charged the *American Poetry Review* with sexism, racism, and so forthism. Seems *APR* has carried some 648 poems over the last 23 issues, and only 116—count 'em—were by women. That's not the half of it, but it's probably more than you wanted to know, so we'll drop the subject.

Watch This One Closely

Jimmy Carter's in a sweat
Getting SALT positions set
As his henchmen give the knee
To the cruel KGB.
On the face of it, it seems
Jimmy's pushing two extremes:
1) He's cutting back on nukes
2) While keeping up his dukes.
Here at NATIONAL REVIEW
I shall root for Number Two.

W. H. VON DREELE

Carter in Action

I. The Inaugural

Jimmy Carter's stroll from Capitol Hill to White House was a pleasant enough touch, as were other symbolic gestures designed to impress upon the citizenry the fact that public officials possess legs and do not, all of them, require limousines for any distance in excess of a block and a half. Carter's inaugural address, however, to the degree that it did reveal his picture of the world, gave rise to disturbing reflections.

"The world," declared President Carter, "is dominated by a new spirit . . . The passion for freedom is on the rise. Tapping this new spirit—" and so on.

Now just what "world" is Mr. Carter talking about? Does he have in mind Western Europe, the cradle, after all, of the idea of human liberty?—where now "Eurocommunism" edges ever closer to center stage, where, in the land of Magna Carta, power shifts steadily to extra-parliamentary and authoritarian labor unions, where, in Portugal and Spain, civil conflict deepens and the future darkens? Does Mr. Carter somehow discern the passion for freedom in the countries of Latin America, with few exceptions ruled by one sort of dictator or another? Does he discern it in Africa or Southeast Asia—Cambodia, say—or in China or the Soviet Union? Iran? Korea? Perhaps he meant India, or Angola, or Mozambique.

In the actual world, freedom has been thrown very much onto the defensive, as the age-old impulse to tyrannize gains support from new ideologies and from new technologies of control. Beside the unrealities asserted by Carter in his inaugural, Gerald Ford's slip about Poland during the campaign seems trivial.

In his inaugural, Carter was pregnant with a dream both utopian and dangerous: "We will move this year a step toward our ultimate goal—the elimination of all nuclear weapons from the earth."

Cheers. The blessings, even, of the Pope.

But if all nuclear weapons somehow disappeared tomorrow, the actual result would be Soviet military superiority, based upon the huge Soviet lead in conventional armaments. Further, and conceiving of the nuclear issue more broadly, the U.S.—a wealthy but also unregimented nation, and, in comparison with many others, lightly populated—must rely for its security upon its advanced technology, conspicuously including its nuclear weapons. Even if it could be achieved, the elimination of nuclear weapons would be a catastrophe for the very freedom Carter chose to orate about.

II. The Pardon

Carter's campaign pledge of pardon for Vietnam draft evaders arose out of specific and pressing political requirements. To win the nomination, Carter defeated the principal candidates of the Democratic Left: Udall, Bayh, and Harris. The Vietnam pardon pledge functioned as a device to reconcile this defeated but troublesome faction to an unwelcome candidacy.

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Though the pardon affects only about 10,000 evaders, many of whom will not return to the U.S. in any case, it nevertheless may prove damaging in symbolic but important ways. Carter himself attempted to limit the moral significance of the pardon, stressing merely a desire to wipe the slate clean, but the pardon is and will be understood to be part of the debate about the war itself. It will appear to give official approval to the position that the war was a mistake, wrong, immoral and even illegal, and that the draft evaders were "right." The pardon does not assert this explicitly, of course, but it may be so understood inferentially and symbolically.

No doubt it will take a considerable length of time for the truth about the war to be generally understood, but the pardon, in its way, works counter to such understanding. In actuality, the "wrong" committed in Vietnam was not in fighting the war but in fighting it in such a way that it could not be won. If anyone needed to be pardoned during the month of January 1977, it should have been Lyndon Johnson, Robert McNamara, and other captains of catastrophe.

III. Carter and New York City

During the campaign, Jimmy Carter hinted heavily that he would look with favor on the plight of the cities, New York in particular, which could look with bright eye and open hand to the Federal Treasury. Not quite, it seems. The Carter Administration has taken a negative view of further assistance to New York City, at least for the present. The White House indicated that it agrees with a report by the Senate Banking Committee opposing a five-year extension of the $2.3-billion federal loan to New York City beyond its June 30, 1978 expiration date.

The effect of this will be to reinforce previously imposed requirements that the city set its fiscal house in order; and, further, it will tend to dampen the expectation of mayors hoping for a big federal bail-out. "I think that New York City can and must make it on its own," said Senator Proxmire, "and get out from under the heavy hand of oversight by the Federal Government, which is the sad but necessary companion of a federal loan."

Senator Jacob Javits vigorously dissented.

IV. Keep an Eye on Young

Jimmy Carter's UN ambassador, former Representative Andrew Young, is on record with a number of statements and positions to which the media have not been directing attention, to put it politely.

During his two terms in Congress, Young's votes on national defense issues mostly coincided with those of Bella Abzug.

In 1970, Young commented as follows for ABC-TV regarding the Black Panther Party: "Western technology and Western militarism so interfered with the right of the possibility of, say, democracy in Latin America, or real freedom in Africa and Asia, that it may take the destruction—and this of course is Panther ideology—that it may take the destruction of Western civilization to allow the rest of the world to really emerge as a free and brotherly society, and if the white West is incapable of brotherhood with colored peoples, then this small body of colored peoples, black people within the white West, may be the revolutionary vanguard that God has ordained to destroy the whole thing."

To what degree Young was here expressing his own views is difficult to assess with accuracy; he may have been giving a paraphrase of Panther ideology, though without noticeable demurring. In more recent public stands, however, Young has expressed "solidarity" with the Marxist government of Salvador Allende in Chile, and has backed "armed struggle" with "assistance from whatever sources available" to achieve the "liberation" of southern Africa.

Recently he advocated better relations with Cuba and North Vietnam, though, of course, sterner measures against Rhodesia and South Africa.

As a Georgia politician, Young proved able to get on well with Jimmy Carter and other members of the Georgia establishment. Young's manner is moderate and conciliatory. It may be too early in his career to take all of his pronouncements seriously. Nevertheless, they do, at this point, reveal either a clear Third World and leftish mind-set or a promising talent for demagogy. His appointment to the UN post will certainly be interpreted by much of the world, certainly by much of Africa, as reflecting a leftward lurch by the Carter Administration. This interpretation, in turn, could easily help to frustrate already difficult negotiations in both Africa and the Middle East.

Morals, Arms, and Liberals

It makes you feel good, no doubt of it, to have spokesmen in Washington who stand right up to small nations and large and let them and the world know that we Americans are on the side of freedom and decency and human rights and are not afraid to say so. "We have a commitment on human rights," as President Carter said in discussing his meeting with Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin, and he added, "The United States will not back down on the human rights issue." It was exhilarating to contemplate the new Administration's straightforward criticism of Soviet treatment of nuclear physicist and political dissident Andrei Sakharov, "an outspoken champion of human rights," as "in conflict with accepted international standards of human rights"—and to contrast this with the previous President's refusal, on the advice of his Secretary of State, even to shake hands with outspoken champion, prominent author, and Nobel Laureate Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. It was refreshing, also, to share the open official disapproval of the Czech gov-

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ernment's reprisals against the three hundred Czech dissidents who issued the "Charter 77" appeal for political freedom.

Under President Carter, then, we will not back down on the human rights issue. But what if the other party, too, whoever it may be in a given case—the Soviet Union, India, Turkey, Rhodesia—refuses to back down? What do we do then? Do we stuff the words back down our throat, and stand convicted as an empty blowhard? Or do we back them up with actions? What kind of actions?

This morality in foreign policy business may need a bit more thinking than Jimmy Carter seems yet to have given it. These moral pronouncements can turn out to be fighting words—not only through stirring up the other party but through stirring us up. So it proved, and on a vast and bloody scale, with two other liberal Democratic Presidents in this century. The moral abstractions, with their global and imperialist implications, blossom abundantly out of liberal ideology. Woodrow Wilson's commitment to make the world safe for democracy and guarantee self-determination for all nations had not a little to do with drawing us into World War I. Franklin Roosevelt's commitment against Asiatic and European fascisms and for the Four Freedoms paved our way into World War II. In both those episodes, moreover, the militant and imperialist moral imperatives were linked with another offshoot of liberal ideology: its semi-pacifist, antiwar, pro-disarmament tendency. Behind Wilson's and Roosevelt's moral banners there were only skeleton armies, as the other side knew and hence did not take the banners seriously. Both sides slipped gradually and half-automatically into war, and we had to fight the war from an initial position of weakness that made it much longer and more bloody than need have been if our policy had been responsibly correlated with our power to back it up.

President Carter has told us he is going to cut the arms and defense budget, and not a few of his closest aides—most recently added to the list as his chief arms negotiator, disarmament advocate Paul Warnke—have proved themselves unenthusiastic about military strength. Has he meditated on the possible relation between rhetoric and power?

Throwing a Bone

In the latest revision of President Carter's economic package, employers are to be given the choice between a 4 per cent credit against payroll taxes or an additional 2 per cent credit for buying equipment before 1980.

The payroll-tax credit is particularly ironic, since maximum federal payroll taxes for unemployment insurance were just doubled at the first of the year. The net effect is still an increased burden on employers to finance increased benefits for the unemployed and retired.

The investment tax credit is not available for structures or for assets with lives of less than three years, and on long-term investments is not very beneficial. It provides no incentive to put existing machinery and manpower back to work, nor any immediate help to firms that have no taxable income.

All such gimmicks rely on the missing element of surprise. If increases in the investment tax were expected each time the economy headed out of recession, then investments would be delayed and the recessions prolonged. Why buy a new machine now when you will probably get a tax break for buying one later? Similarly, if employers come to expect a tax break for adding workers in recovery periods (Representative Ullman's employment-tax credit scheme) they will have a powerful incentive to lay off more workers in the downturns.

This sort of foolishness might not matter much if federal deficits were a source of free money. But more Treasury borrowing means higher interest rates and higher taxes in the future to pay interest on the added debt. Adding to the deficit imposes real burdens on private production in exchange for very uncertain benefits.

The justification offered for Mr. Carter's dubious economic package originally consisted of the lull in economic activity which disappeared when the December statistics were released. Now it is being seriously suggested that fiscal policies should be adjusted to the temperature. This is carrying fine-tuning to a ridiculous extreme.

President Carter's attempt to trick people with temporary gadgets only drives interest rates up, in anticipation of inflation. What we need is to restore the business confidence needed to make massive long-term investments in plant and equipment. And you don't get that with temporary tax relief, nor with plans to bring back Phase Five of the wage/price-control disaster.

Rhodesian Cauldron

Now that the Geneva talks are in limbo, Rhodesians both white and black can stop and look around them. What do they see? The white minority government can probably defend its physical integrity for some time to come against military and political pressure, especially with South African support. It will no doubt attempt to cement its ties with moderate nationalist Bishop Muzorewa and continue to work toward the Kissinger transition timetable of two years. Simultaneously, however, struggle will continue among black nationalists, who are split into numerous factions along both tribal and political lines, and who are also connected with movements and governments of the so-called frontline black states which border Rhodesia. Even if there is peaceful transition from white to black in Salisbury, it is likely that such transition will only signal the outbreak of civil war among the strongest black parties and tribes.

In the event of such a struggle, Soviet interference is

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a foregone conclusion, and the Cuban army now in Angola would serve as ready muscle. All of southern Africa is assuming the aspect of a tinder-box in which American—and all Western—interests could be consumed. For Andrew Young, President Carter's new representative at the United Nations, to say on the eve of his departure for southern Africa that Cuban troops have lent "a certain stability" to Angola is very reckless. To give the impression that the United States approves of what happened in Angola, which fell under Marxist control owing to Western indifference, may be applauded by Third World delegates in the UN General Assembly; but it is mischievous encouragement for every pro-Soviet element to be found in the bottom third of Africa.

Dissent in a Cold Climate

In this country, as in France and Spain (cf. July 14, July 15), the traditional time for uprisings and disturbances is the "long hot summer"; the Soviet bloc, curiously, from the October Revolution on, has tended more toward the long cold winter: The big campaign against Solzhenitsyn three years ago began in earnest in October; he was exiled in February. The Prague Spring began in January 1968, with the crucial elections held in March. And this year, as we approach the time for the Belgrade conference that will monitor the progress in human rights since Helsinki, the dissidents in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, and in the Soviet Union have started another round in their perpetual duel with the incumbent regimes.

In Poland, the trouble began with the government's attempts last fall to end its untenable price controls, which had led to low list prices on nonexistent goods. As soon as the government announced the price increases, workers struck and rioted; the government backed down on the increases, but jailed several of the strike leaders and fired many others. A Workers' Defense Committee was formed, and, when the regime began reprisals against it, the intellectual dissidents and the Roman Catholic Church stepped in to protest. As the matter stands now, the government is threatening them but not acting, lest it set off a serious insurrection that would give the hated Soviets an excuse to send their tanks in, something the government wants no more than the dissidents do.

In Czechoslovakia, a group of dissidents—some of them remnants of the short-lived Dubcek regime—issued in January a declaration called Charter 77, calling on the government to live up to its own constitution and the Helsinki Declaration. (A touching note: Aleksandr Dubcek, the leader of the Prague Spring, has been unable to sign Charter 77: he has been "so far isolated by authorities," as a former colleague put it, that no one has been able to contact him to show him the document.) The Czechoslovak government—like the Polish, and for much the same reason—is feeling its way cautiously here, but of the three hundred signers of the document, two hundred have been called in for questioning, and the more prominent of them have been threatened with exile.

The big gun remains Andrei Sakharov, who, protected —up to now—by his status as a celebrity and nuclear physicist, continues the fight that he and Solzhenitsyn turned into headline news. The current clash began when the Kremlin, through its tame journalist Viktor Louis, blamed an explosion in a Moscow subway on dissidents. Sakharov countercharged that the explosion was most likely the work of *agents provocateurs* and was designed to provide an excuse for a crackdown on dissidents. The KGB promptly called Sakharov in and warned him against illegal statements; he protested that his activities were totally legal according to both the Soviet constitution and the Helsinki Declaration. Sakharov then called on America for help, but even before he had done so, an unidentified State Department functionary issued a statement of support, which Vance and Carter subsequently backed. Thus, thanks to Sakharov and Mr. X, the new Carter Administration at least has begun on the correct rhetorical footing in its relations with Moscow.

Roots and Rootlessness

ABC's *Roots* was perhaps the biggest hit in television history, swamping with Nielsen ratings the advance carping of those critics who found it historical soap opera. Much of the nation was engrossed by it, blind to its faults or perhaps looking past them, perceiving that it was not just about a slave, or about blacks in general, but was, in its often tendentious way, trying to deal with all of us, our moral genealogy, our nature, history, and legitimacy: *our* roots. It was no more simplistic, surely, than the Parson Weems mythology most Americans inherit as their tradition.

Yes, most of its blacks were animated by relentless nobility, its whites by cartoonish villainy. As the term is now used, *Roots* was "racist," indeed, racially inflammatory. Still, few dramatic forms in recent years have produced a moment of more exalted and withal human tragedy than the scene in which the African boy Kunta Kinte is whipped until his stubbornness is broken, and he accedes, in an agonized and exhausted murmur, to his slave name, Toby. The scene might have been a Simon Legree flagellation; instead, it was rich in poignant cross-purposes, partly because the slave-driver who directed the whipping so clearly hated his job, and had argued with his own employer, a few minutes earlier, that Africans were no more made for slavery than white men. At such moments, the melodrama of *Roots* approached the texture of reality.

Yet a considerable danger resides in the trend of which *Roots* is a part. The media are potent vehicles of myth, sometimes too potent. Increasingly we are seeing media myths usurping the authority that should belong

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to critical scholarship. Reality itself disappears—as witness the ahistorical revisionism of the McCarthy period that is, well, everywhere, from *The Front* to *Scoundrel Time* to *Tail-Gunner Joe*. If serious history is reduced to myths serving current appetites, the national consciousness is doomed to rootlessness.

Preview

Ben Wattenberg, author of *The Real America*, cherishes unpopular causes: he thinks there's something to be said in favor of big business. He will tell America why in the first program of a television series for PBS entitled *In Search of the Real America*, to be aired February 15. The program opens with a lively updated version of "Yankee Doodle Dandy"; the camera closes in on Wattenberg sitting in front of the Stars and Stripes. "When was the last time you heard anything good about big business except from the fat cats themselves?" he asks. The half-hour show then explores the reasons why the corporation has become "a contemporary whipping boy," and why many of the charges are inaccurate.

Economist John Kenneth Galbraith, outspoken opponent of big business and the show's guest critic, claims the corporation is no longer responsive to the public's needs. Irving Kristol, editor of *The Public Interest*, gives another reason for America's bad-mouthing of big business—"Americans are suspicious of large concentrations of power": their hostility stems from feelings of manipulation. But, Wattenberg reasons, these fears are unfounded. He visits the "corporate graveyard" where such corporate giants as Edsel, International Mercantile Marine, and Willys Overland lie buried and forgotten, because they did not respond to technological advances, or because public needs changed and they didn't change with them. Successful corporate adaptations have become a part of the system, and an efficient part. When Gillette was threatened by the new stainless steel razor blades of a relatively unknown British company named Wilkinson Swords, it recognized the public demand and began manufacturing a stainless-steel-coated blade. It stayed in the mainstream of corporate life.

Big business may be sparked by the profit motive, but it provides what the people want, Wattenberg argues. Corporations sell more, for more profit, but as a result we get quality and choice. No doubt exception can be taken to some of Wattenberg's assertions. Many corporations, for example, seem to have little more in mind than selling computers to the Soviet Union—hardly a "choice expanding" operation. In particular cases, it could be urged, corporate bureaucracy, the sprawling counterpart of federal bureaucracy, inhibits flexibility, innovation, even responsibility. Nevertheless, Wattenberg's effort here has a certain intellectual nobility. He is presenting a case too seldom heard by both Naderite and assorted "populist" constituencies.

Liddy, Too

Patty Hearst is with Daddy, relaxing on bail;
Richard Nixon is fretting—but not about jail;
Jerry Ford gave a pardon to Tokyo Rose;
Draft evaders are shopping for coming-home clothes;
Chappaquiddick's a story reporters forgot,
But Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell can rot.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ To the Editor
The Village Voice

Dear Sirperson:

Mr. Hentoff is fascinated by my assault on the First Amendment, alleging that if I succeed in establishing that it is libelous to write about me that I lie and cheat and disseminate fascist propaganda and am the von Ribbentrop of the American right-wing movement, I will have driven a nail in the coffin of free speech.

My answer is that this is transparent nonsense: antihistorical in its failure to acknowledge the 175 years during which the First Amendment co-existed fruitfully with libel legislation; fanatical in its failure to understand the arguments even of the majority of the Warren Court, which time and again stressed that *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* does not permit absolutely anything to be said about public figures; insensitive to the problems of public figures who do not have effective access to the channels of communication (exactly how is an assemblyman in Birmingham, Alabama expected to protect himself against CBS or *Time* magazine?); and wrongheaded in its assumption that you encourage free speech by licensing its corruption and encouraging its abuse as an instrument of defamation. One wonders why Hentoff and the gang were so mad at Joe McCarthy? If it does not matter all that much that non-Communists should be called fellow-travelers and Communists, why were they sore? Mr. [Frank] Littell called me a fellow-traveler of the fascist movement; in the words of the District Judge: "The alleged libelous passage regarding Buckley taken in the context of other relevant portions of *Wild Tongues* makes accusations against Buckley of a profoundly serious nature. It not only labels him as the outstanding representative in this country of the function of fascist fellow-traveler, but it spells out in considerable detail the specific evils with which such a fellow-traveler is associated. These include

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disloyalty to the government of this country, advocacy of conspiratorial overthrow of the government, devotion to violence and disruptive tactics for the subversion of our institutions including churches." And all we get out of Hentoff is a jeremiad about how this poor parson may have to pay $1,000 as a penalty for costing me (thus far) $40,000 to set the record straight. (Littell's legal services were free.) And by the way, it's true that Macmillan gave me an advance of $35,000 for my book. So what else is new? That advance (already earned by Macmillan) equaled advances previously received from Doubleday and Putnam's.

So, in sum: As things now stand, a) a professor—a putative scholar—said about me things he had every reason to know were false; b) I sued, and agreed to settle for an apology and reimbursement for my legal expenses, which at the time I made that offer were less than $1,000; c) publisher and author refused; d) I went to court; e) publisher and I settled during the trial; f) author was found guilty; g) author's appeal was taken by an attorney for the ACLU who acknowledged to the Court of Appeals that he doesn't believe in *any* libel legislation; h) Court of Appeals reversed on two counts, on the grounds that the term fascist has so many uses, you cannot safely claim it is an unpleasant thing to say about anybody—suggesting an enlargement of the permissible vocabulary useful to describe the actions of certain judges and, as I have suggested, repealing the grounds for resentment of something called McCarthyism; i) I proceed to defend the lower court's validation of the third count by going to the Supreme Court. I have meanwhile spent more money than I have earned by writing a 250-page book: my personal contribution to a world of letters that seeks to distinguish between free speech and libel. As Hentoff suggests, there is nothing in it for me, since people I care about do not believe I am a fellow-traveler of the fascist movement in America. I am, among other things, fighting for Hentoff's right not to be libeled.

Yours faithfully,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
Curiosity is rife as to what happens during
Those *Firing Line* breaks, leading to considerable
Speculation.

Could it be that Mr. Wu or some other
Researcher rushes in with new
Ammunition

For your .32 caliber clipboard, enabling
You to load up again and continue with the
Demolition?

Apply a styptic pencil to the guest's wounds
Before you are presented with a cleaner's bill in
Addition?

Maybe you pull up your socks, check the zipper,
And otherwise tidy up the sartorial
Condition?

Perhaps you jig up and down a bit, for to sit
For sixty minutes with crossed legs is bad for the
Circulation?

As for me, the hiatuses are too short to rush
Into the kitchen to improve my already optimal
Nutrition.

And you must be aware that, at my age, there is
Hardly time to initiate, let alone complete,
Micturition.

So, what's the point, sonny? There must be a reason
And it would be awfully decent of you to give an
Explanation.

Yours sincerely,
Allan Carter, MD
Elgin, Arizona

Dear Doc: In New York, L.A., Boston, and Memphis, *Firing Line* is shown on commercial channels. They require a break for the commercials, which are spliced in. But Public Television doesn't allow you to say, "We're going to pause for a commercial." So, we just say: "We're going to pause . . ." In the studio, the pause is for six seconds. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Chilton [Williamson]
Look what the mail brought in.

Dear Chilton:

My God, that was a magnificent likeness in the Dec. 10 issue of *NR*. May I have an enlargement? I shall of course happily pay whatever charges are involved, always provided that it is autographed.

With Conservative Greetings for a Recent Christmas, Coming Easter, and Impending Social Revolution, I am,
Your Obedient Servant etc.
E. D. Genovese, PhD
Pitt Professor, University of Cambridge
&
Fellow of Christ's College
&
Your Stalinist Admirer

Dear Gene:

Herewith an autographed enlargement of the portrait —Bachrach, could you tell?—you so admire.

I join with you in a salute to the Impending Social Revolution. The sooner we all look like me the better.

As ever,
Chilton
—WFB

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The Sorensen Lesson

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE SENATE SELDOM vetoes the nominations of a new President for top-level posts. There is a general understanding that the incoming Chief Executive has the right to pick the people he wants to help him run his office.

It was something of a shock, then—and a considerable shock, by all indications, to Jimmy Carter—when rising Senate opposition forced cancellation of Theodore Sorensen's nomination as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Why was Sorensen the one goat among the sheep? He was not the most stupid nor the least experienced in relevant matters; his politics are pretty much the same as several of the others. It seems plausible that the explanation is not so much something about Sorensen as something about the post to which he was nominated—something about CIA.

During its first two decades CIA managed to keep a fairly low profile, but in the third a combination of Vietnam, Watergate, exposures, and investigations brought agitated attention and political controversy. Carter proposed a political candidate to handle the hot political potato. This naturally evoked a political response. The response, though strong enough to scuttle Sorensen, was confused and ambivalent: it expressed, in part, the feeling that Sorensen's politics—as Senator Goldwater stated with characteristic bluntness—were wrong for the post; but it expressed also an unarticulated feeling that a central intelligence agency ought to be non-political.

Both feelings are justified. The fact is that CIA is really two organizations—two incompatible organizations arbitrarily intertangled. This duality was a basic congenital defect that is the source of CIA's major troubles.

One of these organizations—let us term it "A-Org"—is an "intelligence" agency. As such, A-Org's function is to produce knowledge—facts. The decisions about what fields of knowledge it will plow are, of course, political; they are made by A-Org's principal customers: the President and Joint Chiefs, acting or supposed to be acting under the laws and Constitution. But the products (propositions, charts, maps, estimates, predictions, graphs, etc.) with which A-Org supplies its customers are not political. They are either accurate or inaccurate, true or false.

Truth and Consequences

In a given case, the facts supplied by A-Org—information, perhaps, about another nation's armament or its domestic political situation—may be displeasing to the customers. However, this is of no concern to A-Org. Its business is to supply the facts, though the heavens fall. It is not any part of A-Org's business to *do* anything about the facts, other than (if asked) to point out what alternate lines of action are possible, with what probable consequences.

Essentially, A-Org is a large scientific enterprise. Its appropriate personnel would be, temperamentally, similar to the scientists, scholars, technicians, and administrators of other big scientific institutions. The director would be an able administrator, ideally though not necessarily possessed of some expertise in or at least acquaintance with A-Org's special field of scientific inquiry.

Since there is nothing political about A-Org's function, there is no objective reason for regarding its directorship as a political appointment; no reason, indeed, why there should even be a close political supervision of A-Org, other than to verify the competence, honesty, and loyalty of its staff and to make sure it *is* fulfilling its function. Strong political commitment and belief are often a detriment to successful work in A-Org's field, and political interference almost always is. The political mind tempers truth to its political aims.

The second constituent of CIA—"B-Org," let's call it—is not an "intelligence" organization at all. It is an action organization—like an army, football team, mafia, or political party: specifically, a covert action organization. ("Covert," or "black," means in this case that the actual instigator of the action—i.e., an agency of the U.S. Government—is or is supposed to be concealed.) As an action organization, B-Org is political in its essence. In the choice of its chief, political factors in the broad sense ought to be a primary consideration. Its operations should be under the continuous strategic control of the nation's top political leadership.

As we all know by now, the activities of our own and other nations' B-Orgs are exceedingly varied: raising special armies, overthrowing governments, bribing everyone in sight, assassinating this and that chap, running airlines, invading islands, publishing books and magazines, backing trade unions and political parties, etc., etc.

In Each Other's Hair

A-Org and B-Org functions require not merely different skill and experience but different, more or less opposite, personality and temperament. Within the same structure, the two operations are bound to interfere with each other. The intelligence function is warped to justify the action function, and is thereby corrupted. Conversely, the B-Org is often hamstrung by non-action A-Org types in the bureaucratic hierarchy. Successful field operations require entirely different apparatus and personnel for A-Org and B-Org functions.

The public flap about CIA has been limited to B-Org-type activities (except for some domestic surveillance assignments that were A-Org-type). Although the CIA establishment resists the idea with bureaucratic ferocity, a split-up of the two functions could greatly improve both and quiet most of the criticism. B-Org covert action—so far as it survived a serious review—could be excised from CIA and reassigned to more natural affiliation: paramilitary operations somewhere under the Pentagon wing; some of the political doings attached unofficially to the State Department; the very special black duties handled by a relatively small cadre hidden behind a bland and flexible screen.

President Carter's next CIA nominee will doubtless be confirmed, but that won't cure CIA's inner malady, now become a public trauma. CIA offers him a clear and present chance to show whether he meant all that reorganization talk. □

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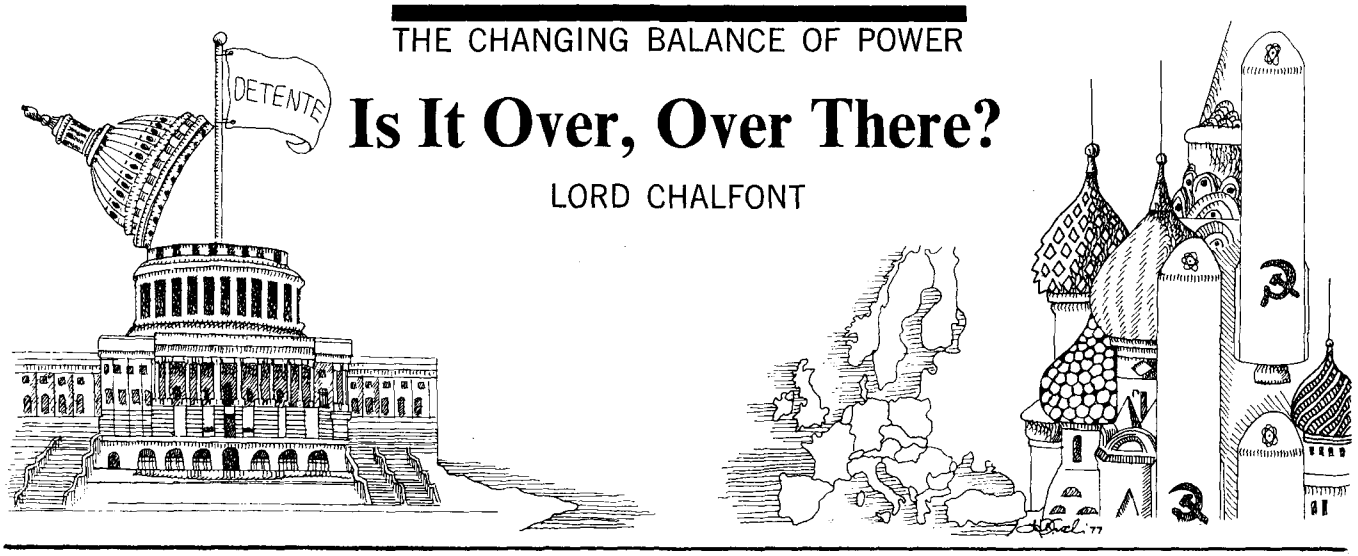
THE CHANGING BALANCE OF POWER

Is It Over, Over There?

LORD CHALFONT



As is now widely known by those with an interest in such matters, the Department of State, with the authority of the former Secretary of State, Mr. Henry Kissinger, last year issued an important telegram of guidance to certain American diplomatic posts. It is true that the telegram was based on the record of a talk given at a London meeting of American diplomats by Mr. Helmut Sonnenfeldt. But Mr. Sonnenfeldt was one of the Secretary of State's principal advisors, and no one, presumably, will be naïve enough to believe that his dissertation was inconsistent with the views of his chief; or that if it were, it would have had immortality conferred upon it in a State Department telegram. Whatever may be the finer points of qualification and exegesis, it seems clear that the telegram represented the thinking of the State Department —or more specifically of the man who was then responsible for American foreign policy. A question now much in the minds of political leaders, especially among America's European allies, is whether the general lines of that thinking are likely to survive the change of Administration in Washington.

The Kissinger doctrine may not have been to everyone's liking, but it had the merit of being lucid, logical, and brutally realistic. Its basic premise was that the Soviet Union is emerging as a global superpower, and that there is very little anyone can do to prevent it. The leaders of the Soviet Union, it was accepted, are the new imperialists, and their power is based almost entirely on military strength. At the same time, Communism is making substantial advances in Western Europe; and Mr. Kissinger, one of the principal architects of the policy of detente, was apparently unwilling to believe that French, Portuguese, British, or Italian Communists were fundamentally different from their comrades in Moscow. In other words, he recognized that if Communists began to participate in, and eventually to dominate, the governments of certain Western European countries, that would be the beginning of the end of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and the signal for a radical transformation of American foreign policy.

It is, perhaps, not entirely coincidental that this analysis is broadly consistent with the view of East-West relations taken in Peking. The Chinese theory is that the "social imperialists" of the USSR have a global strategic plan which involves the destruction of NATO by isolating the United States from Western Europe and, through the mechanism of detente, undermining the will of the West to resist Soviet expansion. With the United States maneuvered into a "Fortress America" mentality and Western Europe either neutralized or "Finlandized," the Kremlin would be able to turn eastward, attack China, and spread the Soviet Empire over the whole of the Eurasian land mass. Allowing for the inevitable nuances of emphasis and presentation, there is very little substantial difference between the American and the Chinese analysis of the world power equation.

Faced with these persuasive scenarios of possible Soviet intentions, the leaders of the West seem strangely unmoved. Those who postulate an aggressive and imperialist Soviet foreign policy are denounced as McCarthyites and reactionary cold-warriors. It is claimed that the Soviet Union has nothing to gain from expansionism, and that the policy of detente should be taken at its face value, as the expression of a genuine desire for world peace through disarmament and international cooperation. It is, therefore, important to look beyond mere theoretical hypotheses about Soviet political aims.

As anyone trained in the basic essentials of intelligence work will confirm, the business of assessing the likely actions of a potential enemy depends upon a correct interpretation of two closely interrelated factors—his intentions and his capabilities. If, then, the warnings about Soviet imperialism are to carry any weight, those who issue them must be prepared to demonstrate that the Soviet Union has the capacity to implement an aggressive foreign policy, and furthermore that it has shown unmistakable signs of using its military and other resources for this purpose.

It is notoriously difficult to calculate with any degree of confidence precisely what percentage of the Soviet gross national product is devoted to the military budget. In a detailed and highly technical analysis of Soviet defense spend-

Lord Chalfont was Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs from 1964 to 1970 in the cabinet of Harold Wilson. He is now a columnist for the London Times. *His* Montgomery of Alamein *was recently published in the United States.*

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ing given in testimony last year to the Joint Economic Committee, Mr. Andrew Marshall of the Defense Department suggested that analysts of the Central Intelligence Agency, usually regarded as the standard-bearers of the cold war, have consistently *underestimated* Soviet military activity.

As Mr. Marshall points out, in the Soviet Union military research and development is given clear priority over civilian in allocating the best scientists in such disciplines as applied mathematics, computer sciences, systems analysis, biochemistry, and biophysics. Furthermore, arbitrary Soviet accounting practices tend systematically to underprice military research, development, and production. Finally there is the generally recognized phenomenon of direct or indirect subsidy of military activity by non-defense departments or by society in general. Pre-military training, for example, which is designed to prepare young Russians for military service, is paid for not out of the defense budget, but out of donations, lottery proceeds, and state grants.

Mr. Marshall's evidence to the Joint Economic Committee suggested that defense activities in the Soviet Union may account for anything between 10 and 20 per cent of GNP, compared with approximately 6 per cent in the United States and an average of 3.5 per cent in the rest of NATO. Even the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS), a studiously objective and cautious body, estimates, using a realistic dollar-ruble conversion rate, Soviet military expenditure at over 10 per cent of GNP.

It is, however, not only the current level of spending which is significant. Any analysis aimed at assessing future Soviet intentions must take into account the general trend of military procurement. The consensus among Western intelligence services is that the rate of Soviet defense expenditure has increased by 50 per cent in the last ten years, while that of Western countries has remained virtually static. The former Defense Secretary, Mr. Donald Rumsfeld, recently told the Senate that the Soviet Union spent 42 per cent more on defense than the United States last year.

Let us look in a little more detail at how these vast resources are deployed.

In the late 1950s, when Admiral Gorshkov became naval commander-in-chief, the Soviet fleet was comparatively small. It was basically defensive, and the Russians had no tradition of ocean-going fleets or sophisticated naval strategy. In 1962 an event took place which accelerated a total reassessment of Russian naval policy. It was the Cuban missile crisis, in which President Kennedy, faced with the possibility that the Soviet Union would establish in Cuba intermediate-range missiles capable of destroying American cities, imposed a naval blockade and challenged the Russians to break it. Mr. Khrushchev realized he could not, and the Russian bluff was called.

Since then there has been a continuous and significant build-up of Soviet naval strength. The Soviet fleet is now the second largest in the world, consisting, according to the most recently published estimates, of 231 attack and cruise-missile submarines and 214 major surface combat ships, including one aircraft carrier (with two more under construction), two helicopter cruisers, 34 other cruisers, eighty destroyers, and 185 submarine chasers. In addition, the Russians are quickly mastering the techniques of afloat support and the distant application of naval power. They have four major fleets—the Atlantic or Northern Fleet, and the Black Sea, Baltic, and Pacific Fleets—and permanent task forces in the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean. There is constant Soviet naval activity in and between all the world's major oceans; the Supreme Allied Commander of the NATO forces in the Atlantic was reported recently to have said that in time of war he could not guarantee Western control of the Atlantic approaches to Europe.

The most likely line of attack for Soviet forces is guarded by the weakest elements in the Allied forces, while the strongest element—the U.S. Army—is stationed where an attack is least likely

The Russian research fleet, engaged in oceanography, weather forecasting, electronic surveillance, and other aspects of advanced technology at sea, is not only the largest research fleet in the world—it is larger than all the other research fleets in the world together.

This spectacular build-up has not yet given the Soviet Union naval superiority over the West; but it *has* provided the Russians with a powerful new political weapon. Its possible uses include the ability to mount impressive shows of naval force in support of diplomatic and political offensives; the ability in naval operations short of total war to interrupt the sea lanes of the world, including those between the United States and its NATO allies; and the capacity to interdict the vital oil supply route between the Middle East and Western Europe.

In recent years the Soviet Union has also been increasing both the strength and the efficiency of its land forces in northern and central Europe, the most likely theater of a future war. The significant elements in the balance are now reported by the IISS to be as follows:

	NATO	Warsaw Pact
Armored divisions	11	31
Infantry, mechanized, and airborne divisions	18	36
Combat troops	635,000	910,000
Main battle tanks	7,000	19,000
Tactical aircraft	2,085	4,200

Furthermore, the Soviet Union has very considerable advantages apart from its numerical superiority. It has interior lines of communication—it is able to reinforce its Western European front direct from metropolitan Russia, through Poland, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia; while the major partner in the Western Alliance—the United States of America—would have to reinforce the European front in time of war across the Atlantic Ocean, most of the important equipment having to come by the sea route already threatened by Soviet naval power.

The Soviet Union, by virtue of the nature of its relationships with its allies in the Warsaw Pact, is able to impose a monolithic system of standardization of equipment

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amongst its forces; whereas NATO—a voluntary alliance of independent nations—is bedeviled by national procurement policies which result in its having an almost endless proliferation of different types of guns, tanks, aircraft, and other equipment.

The Warsaw Pact forces, especially those of the Soviet Union, are deployed exactly where the Russians want them to be deployed; the forces of the West are deployed with very little relation to tactical or strategic requirements. They are where they are because that is where they were when World War II ended. The result of this is that the most likely line of attack for Soviet forces is guarded by the weakest elements in the Allied forces, while the strongest element—the United States Army—is stationed in the terrain where an attack is least likely.

Even those aspects of defense in which the West once had a marked superiority—the morale and efficiency of its soldiers, the thoroughness of their training, and the sophisticated nature of advanced military technology—can no longer be said to compensate for the great and growing Russian superiority. Although NATO's defenses are by no means weak or inconsiderable, it is arguable that the Soviet Union is approaching a position of superiority from which it could mount what is called in the planners' jargon "an attack without prior reinforcement"—in other words what most people would call a surprise attack.

One of the arguments frequently put forward to refute this proposition and to suggest that the great Russian numerical superiority is unimportant is that of the tactical nuclear weapon. It is suggested that the numerical inferiority of the West is compensated for by the fact that the NATO forces are equipped with about 7,000 battlefield nuclear weapons which would be used if a Russian attack looked like succeeding. The fallacy of this theory can be quite simply exposed. With the present disparity between the conventional strengths of the opposing forces, it seems clear that if these nuclear weapons were to be used at all in any conflict which happened in Europe, they would have to be used very early. The decision to use them can be taken only by the President of the United States of America, and in making the decision he would have to take some very important factors into consideration.

In some cases the weapons would have to be used on the territory of West Germany, since that is where the Soviet forces would be if they had mounted an attack. Russian and Allied forces would almost certainly be in close contact, virtually inseparable in the context of even the smallest nuclear strike. Furthermore, there is no guarantee that the Soviet Union would play the tactical game according to Western rules. The Soviet forces have about 3,500 nuclear weapons, many of them with very large warheads, aimed at targets in Western Europe. There is no international definition of a tactical nuclear weapon, and if, for example, the West decided that the Russian army headquarters in Magdeburg was a legitimate tactical target, there can be no certainty that the retaliation would not be a Russian nuclear strike on Cologne or Paris, or even London.

In any case, the total power of existing battlefield nuclear weapons is so enormous that a so-called "tactical" nuclear exchange would obliterate most of the continent of Europe. There is, in effect, no real distinction between tactical and strategic nuclear weapons. The only valid distinction is between nuclear weapons and conventional weapons, and it seems, to say the very least, unlikely that the President would exercise the nuclear option in circumstances in which the security of the United States was not directly threatened. In this context, of course, the strategic nuclear balance is a crucial factor in the equation of military power.

The West is therefore engaged in the curious process of rescuing from its own economic incompetence a regime whose principal aims of foreign policy include the destruction of its creditors

From the moment that the nuclear weapon came into being, the United States had, until recently, consistently maintained a position of strategic superiority over the Soviet Union. In recent years—partly under cover of the Strategic Arms Limitation agreement—the Russians have succeeded in closing this gap; the situation now is that, on certain calculations, they have even achieved superiority. It is fair to conclude that in terms of its stated objective (the limitation of the strategic weapons systems available to the two superpowers), the SALT program has been a failure, since at the end of 1975 both superpowers were spending a good deal more on strategic weapons than they were when the talks began in 1969; while in terms of relative advantage, the SALT talks have not prevented the Soviet Union *from moving from a position of nuclear inferiority—where it was in 1969—to a position of at least parity and, in some respects, superiority*. Although the United States had, in mid-1976, over 8,500 nuclear warheads as against the Soviet Union's 3,250, the comparison of equivalent megatonnage (mt) was believed to be as follows:

	U.S.	USSR
ICBMs (land-based)	1,150 mt	2,950 mt
SLBMs (submarine-launched)	780 mt	785 mt
Total	1,930 mt	3,735 mt

In terms of missile "throw-weight"—that is to say the actual weight of the missile after the boost phase of flight, i.e., excluding the delivery system—the Soviet Union has now acquired a clear lead over the United States. This comparison, in millions of pounds at maximum range, is as follows:

	U.S.	USSR
ICBMs (land-based)	2.4	7.0
SLMBs (submarine-launched)	0.9	1.2
Total	3.3	8.2

On the other hand, the United States has a clear superiority in bomber payload (22.8 million pounds to 4.7 million pounds); but against this must be set the Soviet superiority in Surface-to-Air Missiles (SAMs) and the controversial new Russian Backfire bomber, which can refuel in flight and, although classed by the Russians as a tactical aircraft, is capable of delivering nuclear weapons on target in the United States.

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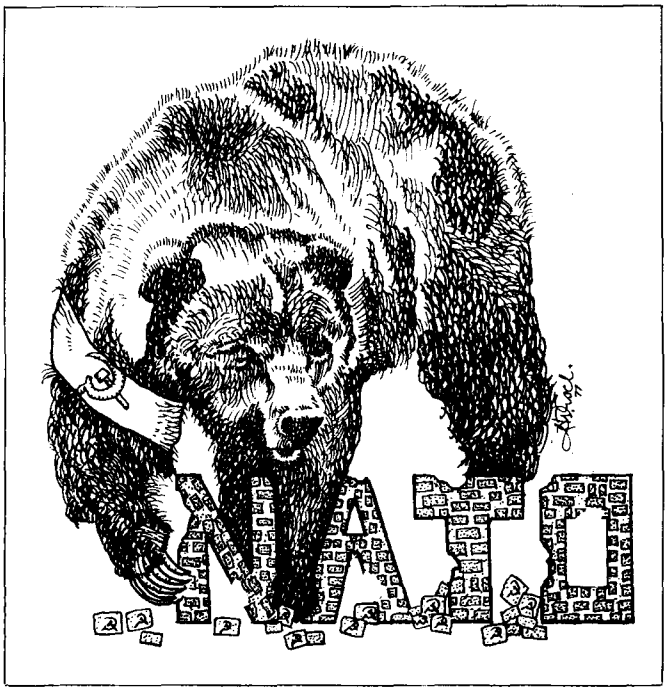
This gives some credibility to the theory that the Soviet Union might be aiming at what is called a first-strike capability—that is to say the ability to attack the American intercontinental missile forces and inflict so much damage that the American response would result in an undiminished Russian second strike against American cities. After such a first strike the Russians would be able to say, "Are you ready to do a deal or do you want an exchange of cities leading to mutual annihilation?"

Although these fears may be exaggerated there are two pieces of evidence which cause them to persist. One is a continued and even reinforced insistence in Soviet military analysis that nuclear war is a risk that has to be faced and therefore prepared for. The second is that there is evidence of a persistent Soviet preoccupation with civil defense, which would, of course, be an essential element in any first-strike strategy involving the assumption that American retaliation would be directed against Soviet cities.

There is another issue which should be the cause of grave concern—that of trade relations between the Soviet Union and the West. The economy of the USSR is, to put the matter as dispassionately as possible, not exactly flourishing. Indeed, the tenth Soviet five-year plan (1976-1980) provides for the lowest rate of growth since the war. At the 25th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in February 1976, Mr. Brezhnev, with impressive sangfroid, recognized that there was a problem but dismissed it as being of a temporary and not very important nature. Yet there are elements in the state of the Soviet economy which suggest otherwise.

A disastrously inefficient agricultural system has resulted in a heavy demand on the rest of the world's grain supplies, in spite of the fact that collective farming accounts for a quarter of the country's labor force and one-fifth of the national income. And although the Soviet Union is generally regarded as a major industrial power, its industry also shows signs of being in many respects ineffective and structurally inadequate. As a result, the Soviet Union has become increasingly dependent upon food and advanced technology from the West; and as this flows into the Soviet economy, often financed by massive Western credits, the Kremlin's military machine, already too large to be explained away as purely defensive, continues to expand.



The inference is that we are now in a bizarre situation in which Western economic aid enables the Soviet government to escape the immediate consequences of its own industrial and economic shortcomings, and at the same time to continue to devote substantial resources to the military sector. The resulting accretion of military strength is the potential instrument of a foreign policy which is openly committed to the "international class struggle," in other words, to the eventual overthrow of capitalism. The West is therefore engaged in the curious process of rescuing from its own economic incompetence a regime whose principal aims of foreign policy include the ultimate destruction of its creditors.

IT IS SOMETIMES argued that even if Soviet foreign and military policies do pose a threat to Western security, there is very little that can be done about it. The suggestion is that the West is in no position, economically or politically, to match the Soviet Union tank for tank and ship for ship, and that to attempt to do so would be dangerous as well as enormously expensive. The logical corollary is that the only intelligent policy is that of detente—attempting, in the words of the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt doctrine, to "affect the way in which [Soviet] power is developed and used."

It has to be said, however, that the success of detente policies so far does not furnish grounds for excessive confidence. The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks have done nothing to prevent the further development of nuclear weapons; specifically, they have done nothing to prevent the Soviet Union from shifting the nuclear balance perceptibly in its own favor. The Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe ended in the Declaration of Helsinki—not exactly, one would suggest, a diplomatic triumph for the West.

Finally, the major achievement of the talks on Mutual Force Reductions, since they began in October 1973, seems to have been to change the name of the negotiations, from MBFR (Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions) to MURFAAMCE (Mutual Reduction of Forces and Armaments and Associated Measures in Central Europe)—a development of rather less than world-shaking importance. It is clear from the negotiations and especially from the initial proposals put forward by both sides that the Soviet Union is perfectly content with the present military balance and intends to maintain a numerical superiority even in the unlikely event of an agreement to reduce force levels. In any case, one of the crucial factors in any consideration of balanced force reductions in Europe is reinforcement capability, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that withdrawal of troops on both sides, on the basis of present proposals, would leave the Soviet Union in a position to reintroduce its troops within a few days, while the American reinforcement capability would be limited by the need to move troops and heavy equipment across the Atlantic.

In democratic societies it is, of course, unpopular, in what is generally if somewhat naïvely regarded as peace-

(Continues on page 221)

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EDUCATION '77

Texas Rawhide in Academia

FREDERICK J. PRATSON

"Elitism, like aristocracy, has its proper and its mistaken forms. Elitism is mistaken only when it creates an elite whose qualifications are nonexistent or irrelevant."

ALTHOUGH egalitarianism appears to be the principal ideology at most of our universities today, John R. Silber, president of Boston University, is strongly promoting the concept, and what he hopes will be the achievement, of elitism.

While university presidents elsewhere have once again become relatively benign figures in the eyes of their faculties and students, Silber has managed to keep the pot boiling at Boston University. He has provoked student uprisings and faculty resignations. Some cite his relentless pursuit of excellence; others call him a dictatorial bastard. Last spring it seemed that intense faculty and student pressure would force the Board of Trustees to make Silber pack his bags and go back to Texas. And perhaps, five years ago, the Trustees would have gone along with the highly vocal crowd. But the mood has changed, and the Trustees held firm: "On appointing John R. Silber as seventh president of Boston University, the Board of Trustees endorsed his aim to transform Boston University into a leading educational center, building on strengths that were already in place. The Trustees reiterate their dedication to the goals of academic quality and financial soundness that Dr. Silber has articulated and pursued for Boston University since his appointment."

The Methodists founded Boston University in the 1830s as a school of theology; since then, BU has become the fourth largest independent university in the United States, with approximately 23,700 students, 2,000 faculty members, and a staff of 5,700. Boston University has had a fine but ambiguous reputation. If it were located in Kansas or Alabama, it would have an outstanding and a *singular* identity. Its misfortune (Silber would call it a challenge) is that it is located in the metropolitan area which is home to Harvard and MIT and in the state with the largest concentration of independent colleges and universities in the world, including Northeastern University, the largest independent university in America, and the Jesuit-run Boston College, one of the country's largest Catholic universities.

Five years ago, the BU Trustees had to make a choice between two candidates for president. The first candidate was perceived to be a traditional academic, one who would take BU slowly and carefully toward its goals. The second candidate, John Silber, was looked on as a person who would "pick up the place and kick it into the future." In the midst of their competitive situation, it's no wonder they chose—and stuck by—Silber.

JOHN R. SILBER is a handsome wiry man who has a withered and fingerless right arm that he is able to use with some dexterity. Born in 1926 in San Antonio, Texas, to an architect and a schoolteacher, he graduated *summa cum laude* from Trinity University in San Antonio and studied at Northwestern University, Yale Divinity School, and the University of Texas Law School before going to Yale for his MA and PhD. He also studied in Germany on a Fulbright and was a Fellow of King's College at the University of London, on a Guggenheim. He had taught at Yale and had been the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Texas before assuming his post at BU.

BU has recently been the victim of tight money and a declining number of students—as have most independent universities. Nonetheless, during a press conference, a journalist chose to raise the point that, at BU, "the focus of the controversy . . . has been on Dr. Silber's personality, his abrasive nature." Silber's reply was: "It ought to be recognized that there wouldn't be literally dozens of university presidents facing tense feelings on their campuses all over the United States if it were merely a matter of personality. Many of our problems stem from the fact that the days of affluence in academia are over. We are all facing a period of economic decline in which retrenchment is necessary, in which there are severe budget restraints. And it is very easy to suppose that all of these problems would go away if one's personality were just a little more pleasant. But, as a matter of fact, there are a lot of tough decisions that have to be made. And these are going to have to be faced up to with a heightened sense of reality, with a heightened sense of the limitations that are going to face all independent institutions of higher education in the next few years."

At a meeting of the Faculty Senate Council on April 8, 1976, Silber remarked, in discussing the operations of the university: "The School of Theology has been a popular choice for extinction because we could make actual savings of perhaps $300,000 to $400,000 a year through its closure. But once again we must ask: What would Boston University lose? And I have to say that we would lose a discipline that should be central to the undergraduate and graduate life of this campus, and a program that should make a contribution to the national life of the United States. A culture as secular as this stands in need of a theological assessment. A culture as fascinated as this with forms of popular religion and witchcraft stands in need of the clarity, vision, and nobility of higher religion."

To the senior class of 1976: "Consider the current talk about 'over-qualification.' A PhD may work as a welder, or a BA as a janitor. Does this constitute over-qualification? A PhD might make a very inadequate welder. Far from being overqualified, he might not be qualified at all. I think of Socrates, an average sculptor, as one of the world's greatest philosophers. There is nothing recorded to suggest that Socrates was overqualified for the rather simple sculpting that he did. Nor did the sculpting disqualify him

Mr. Pratson is a corporation consultant and the author of six books, the most recent being a profile of John Kenneth Galbraith.

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to pursue a life of philosophy. Spinoza, another great philosopher, made his living by grinding lenses. This gave him the livelihood so that, at night and on weekends, he could work on his philosophy. How did that constitute overqualification for lens-grinding or underqualification for philosophy? St. Augustine managed to be a saint after having lived a prodigiously romantic youth, and having written major books and served a distinguished career as a bishop. But was he overqualified for sainthood? St. Sebastian managed to be sainted only by being struck appropriately by arrows in a good cause. Consider the difference in preparation for sainthood. Wallace Stevens made his career in insurance, or did he make his career in writing poetry? Was he overqualified to be an insurance executive, or was he underqualified to be a poet, or did things work out just fine as he received his education in one area and practiced a more important vocation outside the area of his employment? The same might be said for T. S. Eliot.

"The only question that you really have to ask on graduation is—'Are you overqualified for the human race, or are you underqualified?' "

John Silber is one of the strongest advocates for maintaining the strength of independent higher education in the United States. Sitting with him in his massive, ornate office, I asked him if the problems with state-supported education went deeper than the mere ineptitude or chicanery of politicians. "I don't mean to imply that the politician can do it without help," he said. "The taxpayer gets what he deserves. There's a sucker born every minute and there's also a sharpie born along with him to take whatever he's got away from him."

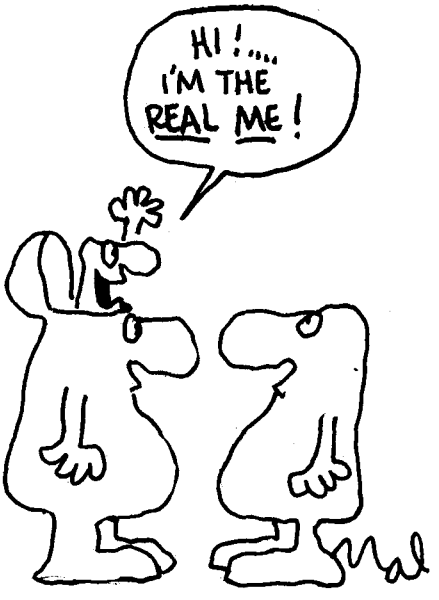
I mentioned that higher education was supposed to be a cure for that degree of stupidity in people. "Horse sense is not what you send a person to the university for," he replied. "You send a person to the university so that he or she can become a more complex and sophisticated human being. So that he or she can understand more about literature, history, the world, and where this person came from, and where mankind may be going. But you don't send a person to the university to find out if Kissinger was lying about detente."

I speculated that the liberal arts degree has lost a great deal of value as a result of the tight job market for university graduates and the trend toward more vocational training in universities. "A liberal arts education can bring a young person toward greater wisdom," said Silber, "not just technical competence. It should increase his or her chance of living a more meaningful life. It should reduce a person's tendency in moments of difficulty to consider suicide. It ought to be a course in survival with dignity and grandeur as a human being, and this of course is what the pursuit of wisdom is all about.

"Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living. And the reason for higher education is to examine life, and to know which of the apparently vital things are truly vital and which are ultimately destructive."

On July 4, 1976, John R. Silber was the featured speaker at the annual Oration before the Municipal Authorities of Boston. The first Oration was given in 1771, commemorating the victims of the Boston Massacre. John Hancock, John Quincy Adams, Horace Mann, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Henry Cabot Lodge are among the past orators; John R. Silber was the 205th.

Midway through his speech Silber pinpointed one of the great paradoxes of our American society: "The counterfeiting of democracy under an egalitarianism that decries competence, achievement, and excellence, and that undermines all moral education by the assertion of a dogmatic relativism, moves hand in hand with a much more serious confusion. Increasingly, we confuse the pursuit of happiness, guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence, with the pursuit of pleasure. The distinction between the two is fundamental; since it is largely lost, it must be recovered. In the midst of prosperity, more accurately described as luxury, on a scale unprecedented in the history of mankind, we have come to believe that the pursuit of happiness is reducible to the pursuit of pleasure."



Later in his speech, Silber referred to the views of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who, "deeply appreciative of the 'shining strongholds of Western freedom,' has felt compelled to note the continuing encroachment of totalitarianism on the free world. And he has identified, correctly, I believe, the cause of this trend in the democracies themselves: 'If [says Solzhenitsyn] the region of free social systems in the world keeps shrinking, and if huge continents only recently obtaining freedom are being drawn off into the zone of tyranny, then the fault lies not just with totalitarianism—which devours freedom as a function of its natural growth—but, obviously, also with the free systems themselves which have lost something of their inner strength and stability.' "

Silber warned: "The counterfeits of democracy detract from our sense of national purpose and weaken our nation as they weaken each individual within it. Our democracy does not need the competition of so many counterfeits, for it may well be subject to the rule of Gresham's Law that the counterfeit expels the genuine. Counterfeited democracy is destructive, for it weakens the ability of the people to rule themselves wisely and, in the absence of wise government, weakens those bonds of affection and patriotism on which national survival depends."

Boston University is now into a new year and John R. Silber continues to serve as president. At this writing, two deans have resigned over irreconcilable differences with Silber. His battle with some of his faculty is not yet over. Still, academic deans and university presidents come and go; almost all fade into a tranquil oblivion, occasionally remembered by a few grateful students. Perhaps this fate will also be John Silber's. However, for the present, he is a voice demanding, not asking for, a high level of excellence from his university and his society. □

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RELIGION

Priestly Ordination

MALACHI B. MARTIN

THE ONGOING discussion about priestly Ordination is riven by the opposing passions of feverish enthusiasm and unrelenting disgust; and it shows no signs of abatement. The rapid implementation of the 1976 Episcopal Convention's decision approving women's Ordination fans the flames of these passions. And, because more than one Roman Catholic bishop in the U.S. and abroad is toying with the idea of a trial-balloon Ordination of a few Roman Catholic women, the controversy forces a renewed discussion of the differences that divide Christians. To recall what priestly Ordination entails for the various parties concerned will not necessarily create harmony. On the contrary, perhaps. But it should help us realize that although the different extremes in this battle about Ordination use the same term, they are actually talking about different things.

The two ancient Communions, Eastern Orthodoxy and Roman Catholicism, have traditionally and consistently taken great pains to preserve the precise and specifically theological meaning of the terms Ordination and priest that Christians gave them from the beginning. In these Communions, Ordination is a Sacrament, one of seven, each one specifically instituted by Jesus and unaltered in its substance since Jesus' time. Ordination is the Sacrament by which the power of priesthood is conferred on a canonically suitable male candidate.

For these Communions, a priest uniquely and unfailingly has the power to offer Jesus' sacrifice: not symbolically and not by way of loving memorial, faithful reminiscence, or ritual re-enactment (as, say, the Flight of the Israelites from Pharaoh's Egypt is re-enacted in the Jewish Seder). Instead the priest, by the union of his intention with the intention and the power of Jesus is able to offer, really and trans-historically, the one and the only and the same sacrifice Jesus made of Himself for all time on Calvary. Inextricably associated with this central priestly power is (among others) the power to effect absolution of personal sins. When a man is given this power through the Sacrament, he is said to have valid Orders, to be a real priest.

The validity of any Eastern Orthodox or Roman Catholic Ordination depends primarily on the authority and the power of Jesus, who instituted the Sacrament, and secondarily on the authority of the Church descending in unbroken line from Jesus and His Apostles. To the authoritative Church as embodied in these Communions, the validity of Ordination has always depended on two factors: the consent of Church authorities canonically competent to confer Ordination; and the dispositions of the male candidate for Ordination.

What Did Jesus Do?

Canonical competence means the Church authorities must themselves have valid Orders, must have the fullness of such Orders, and must explicitly intend to confer on the candidate what Jesus intends to confer on him (that union, once again, of the priestly intention with the intention and the power of Jesus)—essentially, the sacerdotal power of celebrating the sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary.

The dispositions of the candidate involve the standards of health, of theological and general education, and of personal morality required by Church authorities. Most importantly, the candidate must explicitly intend to accept what the Church intends to confer on him in Ordination, the power to perform the central act of priesthood—the sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary. Without this, no amount of personal conviction, subjective feeling, even mystical persuasion, avails for Ordination.

Plainly, in these Communions, for any Ordination there must be clear, positive, and theologically valid reasons. It is never enough to say: "there is no reason against it." Neither, for that matter, is there any theological reason against using rice and tea instead of bread and wine in the Eucharist. Nor against baptizing babies with rose-petals instead of water. Nor against polygamy. Nor against God's becoming incarnate in a cow instead of in a woman. Nor against Mary's having had children by Joseph, after Jesus was conceived without any male cooperation. But there are very definite theological reasons *for* the use of bread and wine, *for* baptizing with water, *for* monogamy, *for* God's becoming a man, *for* believing Jesus to be Mary's only child. And those reasons exclude all other theologically possible solutions.

So also with Ordination. To sanction women's Ordination, the Church must have, not a mere theosophical rationalization or a sociological theory, but a valid theological reason *for* it. As yet, no one has brought forward a theologically acceptable reason *for* ordaining women, while the ancient Communions have theological reasons for excluding women. Their principal reason is the same as for their exclusive use of bread and wine rather than, say, rice and tea in the Eucharist: it is what Jesus Himself did. He ordained only men. His apostles, knowing His mind, did and taught the same thing. Jesus, it should be remembered, had other options. Alone of all our race, His mother Mary was endowed with pre-eminent graces. Yet, no priestess Mary, neither she nor any of the marvelous women (far more faithful, intelligent, strong, and practical than the men) around Jesus.

To conclude that Jesus either deliberately or unknowingly humored some hypothetical male chauvinism of His time is, for the ancient Communions, to ignore not only the theology of Sacrament but the divinity of Jesus. Quite imaginably, some Chinese or Burmese or South-Asian Christians may one day argue that the use of bread and wine constituted an ethnic slur or was merely a Jewish custom or a white colonialist imposition on people who hold rice and tea to be much more "significant." But to adopt rice and tea for that reason would be theological balderdash.

Outside the two ancient Communions, the term Ordination is applied to the ministers—*not* "priests"—of such churches as the Lutheran, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian. For, from their start, the founders and members of these churches rejected the ancient idea of priesthood. Following the ex-

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ample of Luther, of Calvin, and of others, they renounced belief in either the Real Presence of Jesus under the appearance of bread and wine or the reality of Jesus' Calvary sacrifice at the Eucharistic celebration. Instead, they memorialize and commemorate faithfully.

The use, therefore, of the term Ordination to describe the induction of these ministers is, for the ancient Communions, as accurate and legitimate as to speak about the crowning of President Carter or the enthronement of Speaker Tip O'Neill—it is, that is to say, merely a metaphor describing what is in the Protestant churches a ceremony confirming the appointment to a church-related post. President Carter did not wear a crown on January 20, nor Tip O'Neill sit on a real throne, any more than such ministers have or even claim priestly Ordination as held immemorially by the ancient Communions. But, if all this is clearly understood, the use of the term Ordination as applied to such ministers need not be caviled at. Ordination, like coronation or enthronement, is such a graceful term!

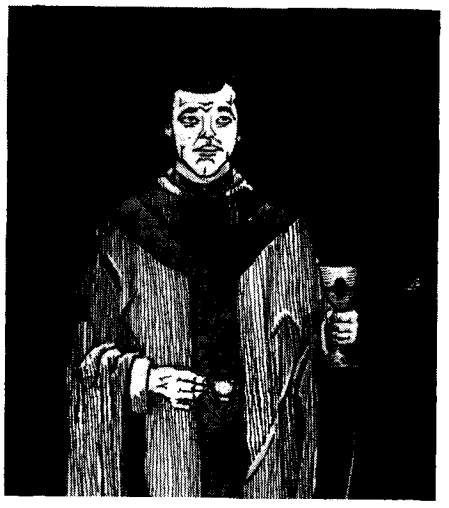
Male-Chauvinist Piggery

In the Anglican Church, the facts are vastly different. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the leaders of the church officially renounced the intention to confer the sacrificial power so central to the ancient Communions. However, unlike Lutherans and Baptists, Anglicans continued to speak of the Sacrament of Ordination and the Eucharist. If and when Anglicans recognize the Bishop of Rome to be Patriarch of the West and successor to Peter, Anglican Ordinations, from the Archbishop of Canterbury's down to that of the latest ordained curate, will have to be validated.

The situation in the U.S. Episcopal Church is different again. Its bishops and priests, being derivative of the Anglican Church, are bishops and priests in the Anglican sense. And so, for the ancient Communions, their Ordination and their Eucharist are invalid. Further, as is shown by the statements made by many Episcopalians during the recent debates about women's Ordination, the priesthood is officially thought of as equivalent to any profession hitherto reserved to males by male-chauvinist piggery—just as once upon a time were medicine, law, and the military.

In all the thousands of arguments by clergy and laity favoring women's Ordination, only one reason predominates. It is not a theological, not even a broad sociological, not a positive reason; it is purely negative and anti-sexist. Its pre-eminence in the Episcopalian mind-set about Ordination underlines vividly the non-sacerdotal light in which Ordination is seen by the participants in the 1976 Convention. This reason is simply that to exclude women is male chauvinism. The Reverend George Regas, with a straight face, told the Convention: "We have been impoverished by this male domination for so many years. . . . We are moving toward the eradication of sexual differences." Bishop Paul Moore of New York essayed some not very original theosophy about "a young Jewish male [Jesus] living 2,000 years ago," and then ended up with the most refined piece of theological inanity since the seventeenth century Bishop Usher announced solemnly that the world had been created at 6 P.M. local time, on October 22, in the year 4004 B.C. Moore wrote: God must be "understood to be as feminine as masculine" (*sic*). Therefore, priests should be feminine as well as masculine. A rounded concept, surely, but one which leaves unanswered two unanswerable questions: How is God feminine as well as masculine? How does Bishop Moore know that?

If Orthodox and Catholics require any further confirmation that Ordination is officially something quite non-sacramental for Episcopalians, they can find it in the Convention decision about the 11 women who were ordained in July 1974—Ordinations which the bishops at that time declared invalid. At the Convention, the bishops first voted to ordain these 11 conditionally. When the women protested violently that this was a "punishment," the bishops backed off and suggested merely that the women participate in a "service of recognition." For the ancient Communions, this means that the women are not bothered about the validity of their Ordinations and that their bishops do not know what validity is.



Beloved of Jesus

In this situation, Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholics should recognize the present-day reality in both the Anglican and the Episcopal churches. Honest and sincere men and women in these churches deem it opportune, for very admissible anti-sexist reasons, to achieve a civil-rights type of victory by admitting women to positions that do not possess the sacerdotal and sacramental character still preserved in the ancient Communions. And Episcopalians and Anglicans have many sound and positive reasons drawn, not from sacramental theology, but from the theology of the laity whose participation in divine worship is an integral part of any form of authentic Christianity.

That women and men thus ordained will never in the eyes of Catholics and Orthodox be able to consecrate bread and wine as Christ's body and blood, or grant absolution from sins, is just an inherent fact of a situation which none of them created and some of them deplore. It need not diminish one's esteem of them and of their churchly work. At the same time, it almost surely explains what prompted one irate Protestant to write me recently that "modern Protestants have more in common with Buddhists and Confucians [*sic*] than with the Roman Church." But be that as it may, the supporters of the newly ordained women as well as the women themselves are beloved of Jesus. His whole Church has, of course, been weakened in its substance by this latest and unnecessary retreat from basic Christian orthodoxy. But, through such fiery issues that burn away the dross, the Church is making its way slowly to the pure fullness of its divine destiny. □

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Emancipating the Schools

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

In recent decades we Americans have become a litigious people, and our schools are afflicted worst of all by this appetite. School policies often are determined not by reason, prudence, and experience, but by court orders. Sometimes these commands issue from judges eager to erect themselves into one-man school boards, with full power and no responsibilities. Other court orders result from the pressures of ideological cliques, ethnic groups, or unions. "Busing" is merely one of the quagmires into which education has fallen in consequence of this passion for going to law.

Another perplexed field of "educational" litigation is the compulsory unionizing of teachers. In forty states, public-school teachers, like other public employees, lawfully can organize themselves into "bargaining units"—unions or similar associations. In 15 of these states, the "agency shop" is allowed by law: that is, the union becomes the exclusive bargaining agent for all teachers in a school; and teachers who won't join the union are compelled to pay fees which are equivalent to union dues. Often a large part of such dues and fees is used for political campaigning and lobbying.

Aided by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, some teachers who don't relish being dragooned by unions have tried to obtain redress in state and federal courts—without much luck, until very recently. This is a costly, time-consuming, thankless task, resisting the teachers' unions; but it is in the public interest. For should the teachers' unions everywhere obtain the agency shop or the union shop, effectively the control of public instruction would pass from duly elected or appointed public boards to the bosses of the teachers' unions.

But prospects at present are slightly less grim than they were a few months ago. For one thing, a New York court has chastened the New York City teachers' union, headed by the famous Mr. Albert Shanker, who also is national president of the American Federation of Teachers. Because of the union's previous disobedience of state laws and court orders, the court has deprived it of the "check-off" privilege—that is, the power to deduct union dues and fees from teachers' paychecks without any by-your-leave. Now, if the New York Federation complies with court orders, the check-off privilege may be restored. Nonetheless this court action will tend to deter unions from illegal strikes.

Of greater national significance is the decision of the Supreme Court, strongly worded by Chief Justice Burger, in the case of *City of Madison, Joint School District,* v. *Wisconsin Employment Relations Commission.* In brief, a Wisconsin teacher, Mr. Albert Holmquist, had been so bold in 1971 as to address a meeting of the Madison Board of Education; for two and a half minutes he had argued against a proposal to compel teachers to pay agency fees to unions.

For his temerity, Holmquist and the Board were assailed by the local teachers' union, Madison Teachers, Inc., on the ground that Holmquist never should have been permitted to open his mouth—because the union had exclusive bargaining rights with the Madison Board. The Wisconsin Employment Relations Commission and the Wisconsin Supreme Court decided against the Madison Board of Education (and, incidentally, against Holmquist). After five years of litigation, the Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed Holmquist's right to be heard at a formal public meeting. Even teachers' unions, it appears, are subject to the guarantees of the First Amendment.

Still more important for the freedom of individual teachers will be the Supreme Court's eventual decision in the case of *Abood et al.* v. *Detroit Board of Education.* The Supreme Court has been hearing oral arguments in this contest, which opens the possibility that the federal Constitution may be invoked to undo the agency shop—even when that agency shop is authorized by state statutes.

"Abood" is, in effect, some six hundred Detroit teachers who don't belong to the Detroit Federation of Teachers and don't like paying compulsory tribute to it. Abood's chief argument is that the agency shop, if applied to public employees, unconstitutionally compels such employees to pay dues or fees to a political organization. It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court will decide *Abood* on such constitutional grounds, or instead decline jurisdiction. If the *Abood* decision should find the agency shop generally unconstitutional where public employees are concerned, the teachers' unions would suffer a staggering blow. They then would find it necessary to rely for their operating, lobbying, and political-campaigning funds on voluntary dues and contributions from union members alone—which would much reduce their enormous power.

The right of teachers and other public employees not to pay tribute to a union is important in itself. And something still more important is at stake in these contests at law: the control of public schools and the quality of public schools. What the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers aim at is total control of the finances and the policies of the public-school system in every state. In short, private associations—the teachers' unions—would usurp public authority over public instruction.

In consequence, the unions would lower the quality of public education—already low enough, Lord knows. For they would make sure that practically all freshly available funds would go for teachers' increased salaries.

In my own school district in Michigan, the school board already has abolished the teaching of British literature and of physics in the high school, because there isn't money enough to pay for such "fringes" to the curriculum! Where has the money gone? Why, in large part to salaries: the local union, affiliated with the Michigan Education Association, has drained board and district nearly dry. And the local citizenry will not vote more millage for school taxes merely to gratify the appetites of the local union.

Federal courts have done much mischief to American schools in recent years. Perhaps they will begin to atone for their previous folly. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Enquiring

I'll tell you what America is. America is a three-hundred-pound woman. This woman has two dogs, two TVs, hypochondria, and no secondary education. Also she's broke, bored to tears, over forty (her husband was once alcoholic, unfaithful, crippled, or laid off), and yet, despite all, she still believes in life after death. Got to be. She's the only person who'd buy *National Enquirer*, and *National Enquirer* can claim "Largest Circulation of Any Paper in America."

20 MILLION CHURCHGOERS RISK COLDS AND FLU FROM COMMUNION WAFERS. "Drink this in remembrance of . . ." Wait, Father: you got a straw? Employees are required to wash hands before . . . *NE* blows hot on the tear flute. LOW BLOOD SUGAR—DISEASE THAT MANY AMERICANS DON'T KNOW THEY HAVE. Inflation, SALT, racism, nothing ranks with just one alien lump, black blood in a stool sample, eccentric heartbeats: I mean, now you're talking about *me*. The body, *NE* would have us suppose, is a recidivist felon. It loiters with fetid things; it will whore after death: and, man, is it fat! HOW TO ENJOY LOSING WEIGHT. At least one diet in every issue, plus a special feature: "Slimmer of the Month." They, *NE* editors, know where you feel most vulnerable-resentful: up on his table, that stupid paper stuck to your tacky spine-flesh, underwear debagged. Disease, anyhow, is often iatrogenic. If that thought makes you nervous, gee, tough: THE TRANQUILIZER VALIUM CAUSES THE SAME SYMPTOMS THAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO RELIEVE. *NE* is populist, anti-authoritarian. DOCTORS INCREASE RISK OF INFECTING PATIENTS BY USING ANTIBIOTICS TO TREAT MINOR WOUNDS. Plus *NE*'s snide list of STATES WHERE DOCTORS EARN THE MOST. You won't find *NE* on a waiting-room table. SCARY FILMS LIKE "JAWS" AND "THE EXORCIST" CAN CAUSE SERIOUS ILLNESS AND PSYCHIATRIC PROBLEMS. Yah. Look who's talking.

Yet *NE* is the newspaper for lurid optimism, grossest good news. DEAF & VICTIM OF SPINAL MENINGITIS, SHE IS HOLLYWOOD'S MOST AMAZING STUNT WOMAN; COURAGEOUS ATHLETE BECOMES ONE OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL'S TOP KICKERS—USING AN ARTIFICIAL LEG. You know: I was sad because I had no socks until I met a man who had no shoes. *NE* folk are, well, deciduous. For those not graced with prosthesis or spondylopipyseal dysplasia, 2 LEADING PSYCHOLOGISTS TELL . . . HOW YOU CAN TALK YOURSELF INTO HAPPINESS. If that doesn't click, hold out for a rematch. FIVE LEADING PSYCHICS TELL WHY WE ARE CONVINCED THERE'S LIFE AFTER DEATH. Jesus appears almost as often as Jackie O. in *NE*. But He's private; sort of a house-pet. From organized religion you get only colds and flu.

NE is penny-anti. Anti-government. YOUR TAXES HAVE BEEN WASTED TO COMPILE DICTIONARY OF INDIAN LANGUAGE NO ONE CAN READ OR WRITE. Anti-Third World. WHILE THEIR PEOPLE RECEIVE MILLIONS IN AMERICAN AID . . . FAT-CAT DIPLOMATS LIVE IN MANSIONS AND THROW LAVISH PARTIES—WITH YOUR TAX $$. (Very few blacks in *NE*: maybe now and then a black Thalidomide child.) Anti-intellectual. OUR COLLEGES ARE ALL PLAY AND NO WORK—AND GRADUATES CAN'T READ, WRITE, OR THINK PROPERLY. Anti-permissive. WHY MARRIAGE IS SO IMPORTANT TO COUPLES IN LOVE. (*NE* has no cheesecake: except for stark nude puppies, kangaroos, and nine-month-olds.) My wife and I did a SIMPLE TEST that TELLS YOU IF YOUR MARRIAGE IS GOING STALE. We confidently wrote in YES under "Have the two of you experimented in any new educational, social, recreational, or community activity?" WRONG: our marriage was staled. Church work, courses in upholstery: divorce: it shall follow like the knight the grail. Nobody, see, should feel uncomfortable or unfulfilled reading *NE*. It's enough to watch *Starsky & Hutch* with him.

PSYCHICS APART, this is straight Wallace social-conservatism. No other publication has been so faithfully written in a second person: you, yours. That, understand, is characteristic of the social-conservative communication: me-you intimacies are implied. Liberalism will address a general constituency: heck, anything smaller than entire nations would appear demagogic or special-interested. *NE* has that *you* specificity heard in advertisements. And *NE* is the last purchase: right above batteries and razor blades at each supermarket check-out counter. *Ms.*, *Viva*—bull. This is *the* women's newspaper. *NE* has been carefully timed: a mid-morning length. Read just after the frozen food gets put away, but before the soap and the toilet paper. Furthermore, like other supermarket items, *NE* is cheap, disposable. I doubt if any newspaper has lower per-copy readership. You don't save *National Enquirer*. That, too, makes it feel secret and personal: an assignation note.

All right: question. How can *NE* compete with television? Answer: it doesn't. It accommodates TV: a saprophyte. I'd guess that TV stars represent 75 per cent of the personality-profile text. WHAT ENQUIRER READERS THINK OF TV; TV BLOOPER OF THE WEEK; THE TV STAR YOU LOVE TO HATE: each is a regular feature. And the format has been cleverly adapted from TV news-

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casting. All headlines: usually repeated verbatim in a lead paragraph. GOVT. IS PAYING AUTHOR FANTASTIC $4 A WORD FOR REPORT OF VIKING SPACECRAFT LANDINGS ON MARS. "The U.S. Government is shelling out $4 a word for . . ." Sentences (paragraphs, that is) are all gasp-sized: you can hear an announcer exhaling them, while somebody in the control room makes big hurry-up circles with one hand. No analysis: that time spot, eye spot, is too expensive for transient personal opinion. And bizarre human interest as a kapok filler. PAYS $500 TO BURY HER DAD—4 MONTHS LATER SHE MEETS HIM ON A STREET. The articles are never continued on some other page. *NE* editors have measured our attention span: short. One page is equivalent to a half-hour TV segment. Five minutes more and your hand will go for the channel selector. It is, simply, a marvelous and cunning adaptation of broadcast techniques.

Contemptible? Sure. But let's be realistic, very significant as well. Given its circulation *National Enquirer* is probably the second most important conservative publication in America. □

SPEECH

RICHARD S. BARNETT

The Grammar Barrier

Now that the South has risen again as the hope of the future, we must expect its brand of English to emerge as an officially acknowledged language. Southern usage has long been established as the *lingua franca* of American folk music and entertainment. Uncultured adherents of the counterculture invariably follow Southern usage when they call a spade an unprintable spade. The accession of Jimmy Carter to the Presidency marks the final stage in this emergence of a new language.

The United States will soon face the prospect of being divided by a common language unless journalists, broadcasters, and educators address themselves to mastering Southern English usage. This is more easily said than done. Languages consist both of words and of grammar—the way words are put together to make sense. Words alone will not divide the United States, even though a skillet will continue to be a frying pan or a spider in some parts of the country.

WORDS NEVER were the barrier. Words are cosmopolitan, being freely circulated and exported along with other items of commerce. Words are easily taken from one language into another, often intact. The real barrier to universal understanding is grammar. This is particularly the case with Southern English because no one has studied it. Southern schools teach only classical English grammar.

That explains why Lyndon Johnson, a forceful and persuasive speaker in private conversation, dissolved into pathetic incoherence whenever he had to deliver an official address on occasions of state. Deprived of the grammar of his native idiom, LBJ found himself tongue-tied in a syntax which was alien and dead to him. President Johnson's utterances failed to bring people to reason together. He had to give up the effort, a casualty more of the grammar barrier than of any of his controversial decisions in Southeast Asia.

Johnson's bitter experience emphasizes our need to master the grammar of the New South. As a student of Southern usage for thirty years, I can warn readers not to underestimate the difficulty of the task before them. The common impression is that the grammar of classical English is difficult. In reality, English is among those languages which have developed by structural simplification, just as Italian and Spanish developed from Latin, and Afrikaans from Dutch. Southern English, on the other hand, is an example of linguistic differentiation by increasing complexity of grammar.

A well known example or two will illustrate the extraordinary intricacy of Southern grammar. A line from the ballad says that Davy Crockett *"kilt him a b'ar when he was only three."* Note the use of a redundant objective pronoun, as if "to kill" were a reflexive verb rather than a transitive.

Crockett would have begun his exploit by declaring, "Ah'm a-fixin' to kill me a b'ar." Intricacies multiply. Observe the specialized use of an auxiliary verb, "to fix to," with an archaic form of the participle as a substitute for conjugation of the declarative present indicative. In plain English, "to fix" usually means to mend, arrange, attach, avenge, or sterilize.

Is Davy Crockett arranging to have himself or the bear killed?

The rendition of this transaction in the past perfect tense will further mystify the uninitiated reader: "Ah took an' kilt me a b'ar." Please note the use of a different auxiliary verb. Why didn't Crockett say, "Ah fixed an' kilt me a b'ar"? A Nobel Prize will not be too great an honor to bestow on the scholar who elucidates the unwritten rules that govern the use of auxiliary verbs in the South.

THEN JUST look at this one:. "Ah might could kill me a b'ar." This construction features a combination of the conditional tense and the subjunctive mood. Like unto it, and in regular use in the South, are "might should," "used to could," "may can," "might can," and "might ought." This form of conjugation may derive from Urdu or Basque, for all one knows. It seems to have no counterpart in any cosmopolitan modern language. It is a startling increase in complexity over the plain English use of either the subjunctive or the conditional with an infinitive: "I could kill a bear."

Now, the historical record assures us that the bear did not kill the precocious Davy Crockett after all, but his grammar may well slay you. Furthermore, these representative examples deliberately omit the complications that result from double negatives and extra prepositions. Some aspects of Southern usage are indeed undergoing simplification. Adverbs are almost completely repressed now, while adjectives do double duty. The conjugation of any verb in any tense is becoming restricted to the third person singular. Yet these changes are superficial. The overall trend in Southern usage is toward ponderous complexity in comparison with plain English.

Now you know where the grammar barrier is. That is, you know where it is *at*. But do not let its mysteries deter you from mastering the language of the New South. Its structural complexity has the advantages of inherent suitability for imprecise or emotional com-

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Richard S. Barnett, *a geologist, English-born and residing near Houston, makes his first appearance in* NR *with this essay. . . .* **Laurie Prothro,** *also debuting here, is an associate editor of* NR.

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munication and of adaptability to the tautologies so beloved by bureaucrats everywhere. It may even prove to hold your hope for the future. □

ART

LAURIE PROTHRO

Young King Tut

The remarkable collection of objects from the tomb of Tutankhamun now on display at the National Gallery in Washington will begin to move around the country on March 15, going first to Chicago, then to New Orleans, Los Angeles, Seattle, and finally New York. If it arrives anywhere near you, it provides an experience, aesthetic and historical, that you should not pass up.

In Washington, certainly, no one seems to be passing it up. A serpentine line of people outside the Gallery glides slowly forward on a thousand feet, like a Chinese parade dragon. The exhibit entrance, long and dark and narrow, hushes the line of people, who feel some of the high-keyed anticipation that archaeologist Howard Carter must have felt as he entered the tomb in 1922. Once inside, the queue marvels, with one soft, murmuring voice, at the achievements of Egyptian civilization and at Carter's infinite patience: it took him ten years to empty the tomb of its precious contents.

The floor-plan of the exhibit resembles that of the ancient tomb, and each object is displayed in approximately the order of its discovery by Carter. As the long passageway opens onto a large room, the crowd's attention focuses on the same objects that Carter's small flame first revealed to him as it flickered off stone walls he wasn't certain until then even existed. There indeed, as Carter exclaimed, stand "wonderful things." But with this first glimpse, all historical or archaeological interest fades. Each piece, velvet-cushioned and spotlighted, is more breathtaking than the last. As Hilton Kramer wrote in a recent *New York Times* article, "It is as an exhibition of art, not of history, that 'Tutankhamun' captivates the mind and bedazzles the senses."

And the senses are bedazzled. An exquisite carved chalice, so delicate that it is translucent, bears the inscription in hieroglyphics, "May your Ka live and may you spend millions of years, you who love Thebes, sitting with your face to the north wind, your eyes beholding happiness." Because of its thinness, the cup—meant to burn oil for light—is like light itself. Without its oil, its only purpose becomes to delight the eye.

Every object in the exhibit begets similar delight: a child-sized ebony chair decorated with ivory inlay and illustrated with gilded panels; chests made of redwood and alabaster; intricately carved flasks; gorgeous amulets and bracelets of every imaginable material: colored glass, carnelian, green feldspar, onyx, obsidian, lapis lazuli, and, as Carter marveled by the light of his flame, "everywhere the glint of gold." (The names of the stones are almost as beautiful as the jewelry itself.) Hunting scenes are engraved on a gaming board, an artistic masterpiece. Statues of Tutankhamun riding a leopard and throwing a harpoon: the young king frozen by the touch of an ancient Midas into immobility. A graceful golden statue of the goddess Selket awes the crowd with her black-outlined eyes, warm and sensual.

But the most hypnotizing sculpture in the show stands alone in the center of one darkened room. It is the polished gold funerary mask that covered the face of the linen-swathed, bejeweled mummy of the young pharaoh, elegant and serene but glowing as if with life. One of the world's great art treasures, this mask is, as an inscription on the boy-king's scepter says, "dazzling of face like the sun's disk when it shines, the son of Amun, Nebkheperura, living forever." And the memory of King Tutankhamun survives even now, suggesting that, in art at least, a certain kind of immortality does exist.

But art can never be completely freed of its historical or even its political circumstances. Negotiations for this exhibit were carried on for several years between the Cairo and Metropolitan Museums, and one of the clauses in the final agreement referred any unsolvable problems to the heads of the two governments. Obviously, Presidents Sadat and Nixon saw this as an opportunity to achieve a closer political relationship through the exposure of one nation to the other's cultural heritage. Another agreement was worked out between the museums and the United States' National Endowment for the Humanities, whose grant made the exhibition possible. The NEH demanded an educational approach to the display, not merely an artistic one. So in a great publicity push, schools and newspapers and workshops have blanketed the relevant cities with material on the history of the Eighteenth Dynasty and the discipline of archaeology.

TUTANKHAMUN's history is fascinating, though brief. He was born about 1343 B.C., during a time of religious upheaval caused by King Akhenaton and his wife Nefertiti. Both fanatically devoted to the deity Aten, they had introduced monotheism into Egypt. When Tut ascended the throne, he returned the country to the worship of the old gods, and it is mostly for this that he is remembered by the history books. He became king, at least in name, at the age of nine; the display objects—e.g., the gaming board and the hunt figures—reflect his youth, and his youthful pleasures. When he died suddenly nine years later, he was buried in the tomb prepared for his advisor.

Because he was buried in another's tomb, no one was certain of his whereabouts. Thus it was that for over two millennia the tomb of Tutankhamun lay unknown and undisturbed beneath the centuries of sand and rubble that had sifted across the Valley of the Kings. Now the royal tomb has been violated, but the mummy of Tutankhamun, son of Amun, has been replaced in its burial chamber, to lie once more under the watchful eye of golden gods, to rest as he has rested since the time of the pharoahs. □

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BOOKS

The Intelligent Co-ed's Guide to Tom Wolfe

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine
By Tom Wolfe
Farrar, 243 pp., $8.95

Back in 1965, Tom Wolfe rode over to Princeton University to sit on a platform with Günter Grass, the German novelist; Paul Krassner, the editor of *The Realist*; and an avant-garde film-maker. In due course, the discussion warped itself around to the high-gravitational topic of fascism in America: the Web of Subversion; the hooded agents; the slithering, scaly cops. Wolfe had recently returned from a tour of the hinterland, where everything was booming and where, as he says, "the folks were running wilder and freer than any people in history." So all of a sudden he heard himself—a seemingly disembodied voice—blurting: "My God! What are you talking about? We're in the middle of a . . . Happiness Explosion!" Whereupon Wolfe, by his own account, "disappeared in a tidal wave of rude sounds." Somebody made a noise like a crying baby, somebody else a noise like a raccoon trapped in a garbage can . . . Now it happens every time Wolfe publishes a book, or writes a show for public television.

The thing seems incredible. Only a few years ago the byline "Tom Wolfe" on an artifact of the New Journalism carried as much authority as the stamp "Crouch & Fitzgerald" on an ostrich-skin medicine case. An article by Wolfe on the counterculture, appearing in *Rolling Stone*, was possessed of a voice that spoke as authentically to members of the swinging *kulturny* as does "*Ein Feste Burg*" to the parishioners of St. James's. Wolfe was widely credited with having liberated prose to serve in its dialectically appointed capacity as handmaiden to a new age of liberation. For immediacy of experience, for contemporaneity of perception and expression, for sheer animal exuberance, he was considered the *dernier cri*. He inhaled the expelled atmos of the Glorious Sixties—and promptly breathed it back into them: had the decade faltered and swooned, Tom Wolfe could have revived it by means of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Yet today—three-quarters of the way through the dreary Seventies—his pique-lapelled, double-breasted-vested, ice-cream-colored suits exert upon the brethren of the Gotham Watch and Ward Society approximately the effect that Moby Dick's ghostly hide had upon Captain Ahab. What happened? Well: as Garry Wills puts it with his accustomed tastefulness, very many of Wolfe's former admirers have been dismayed to discover, "late in the game, that this stylistic radical was also a right-winger."

Please observe, however, that Wills gets it right: he does not say that Wolfe has *become* conservative. Wills likens the horror felt by Wolfe's

erstwhile fans to that of adoring readers of Evelyn Waugh and T. S. Eliot who, sooner or later, were subjected to a similar rude awakening; but surely the best parallel to be drawn on the American scene is between Wolfe and H. L. Mencken, the literary idol of the Twenties who was forgot in the Thirties to the point that he was once mistaken for a six-day bicycle rider.

To a lesser degree Wolfe's name, like Mencken's, has become synonymous with a chapter of American journalism, and, through it, with an era: Mencken, like Wolfe, was fascinated by the detritus of the American popular mind, which fascination he expressed in a literary form that, in its rambunctiousness and what Walter Lippmann called its "viscera-to-viscera" appeal, can lay effective claim to having itself invented, or at least boldly anticipated, the so-called "New" Journalism. Most importantly, however, Wolfe and Mencken are comparable for their superimposition of "stylistic radicalism" upon fundamentally conservative opinions. It was the radical style that inflamed the cavorting booboisie, just as it was the cavorting booboisie that caressed with tickling feather-ends the humorous sensibilities of these gifted journalists; and because the incompatibility between their own deeply rooted tastes and prejudices and the disportive philosophies of great popular binges amused them to a far greater degree than it disgusted or infuriated them, they were able to portray the lavish scene with a

Rene Kuhn Bryant *is a freelance literary critic living in Lexington, Mass.* . . . **Karl O'Lessker** *is a professor of political science and of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University, as well as a frequent contributor to* The Alternative. *This is his first appearance in* NR.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ Paul Corey affronts every civilized man —who knows that cats are useful only as fish-bait and for midnight target-practice— by taking the affirmative side of the debate in his book *Do Cats Think? Notes of a Cat-Watcher* (Regnery, $6.95). . . . In *Fire and You* (Doubleday, $7.95), Howard R. Owen more sensibly argues that in case of fire you leave even thinking cats behind. . . . Mary and Ellen Lukas' biography *Teilhard* (Doubleday, $10) is based in part upon primary sources. . . . *The World of Defoe* (Atheneum, $12.50), by Peter Earle, is a serious and interesting study of the life and thought of one of the most prolific writers in the English language. . . . Richard Wurmbrand, who spent 14 years in Communist prisons, has been free for ten years and is currently living in the United States. While in solitary confinement, he conceived *My Answer to the Moscow Atheists* (Arlington, $7.95), an attempt to convert his former persecutors by convincingly answering the *Atheist's Handbook*, published by the Soviet Academy of Sciences. . . . The greening of *la poésie* is pleasantly documented in *The Book of Irish Verse: An Anthology of Irish Poetry from the Sixth Century to the Present* (Macmillan, $12.95), selected and introduced by John Montague. . . . Joanna Richardson's *Victor Hugo* (St. Martin's, $14.95) is the first critical biography of the French novelist written by an English scholar.

The Complete Guide to the Soviet Union (St. Martin's, $17.95), by Victor and Jennifer Louis—two journalists living in Moscow—is full of interesting information (such as the fact that there is a Franklin D. Roosevelt Street in Yalta) and marvelous photographs which seem to prove that the USSR is too beautiful a place for Communists. No word, however, on the Civil Defense works. . . . Roger Parkinson's *The Fox of the North* (McKay, $14.95) is a biography of General Kutuzov, Commander of the Russian forces from 1805 to 1812 and vanquisher of Napoleon Bonaparte. The book is partially based upon letters and documents not previously rendered into English. . . . Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet, completed his *Memoirs* (Farrar, $11.95) in the 12-day interval between the overthrow, of blessed memory, of the inflated pedagogue Allende, and Neruda's own death. . . . In *Victorian Murderesses* (Schocken, $15) are told the tales of 13 middle-class French and English damsels who were driven by the frustrations of the pre-Liberation era to butchering husbands, lovers, and children. The author is one Mary Hartman. Mary *S.* Hartman.

gusto so infectious that the blithe spirits of the age, in succumbing to it, overlooked entirely the fact that they were reading the writings of men who were critics, rather than celebrants, of the prevailing *Zeitgeist*. In the case of Mencken, the unwary were lured into error by the ambiguities deriving from the great number of enemies that Mencken and they had in common (Prohibitionists, smuthounds, Herbert Hoover, Episcopalians): very many of his followers simply assumed that if he was against Woodrow Wilson he was, like them, for Eugene Debs. In the case of Wolfe, much of his claque was led astray by the nature of the literary vehicle he had constructed to further his artistic purposes.

Wolfe's most original and exciting feat as a writer was to produce a hybrid between the short story and the essay in order to accommodate the seeping atmospherics and 3-D characterization of the former with the well-developed thesis of the latter. This he accomplished quite ingeniously by building himself a dramatic set—character! lights! dialogue! *action!!*—and planting in the wings a small, purring engine, his thesis, to serve, in lieu of plot, as the propellant of the piece. This permitted Wolfe to go for the effect of on-the-spot coverage, much as if he were walking about on location—even as cameras, of his own emplacement, whirred, recording the movements of both the director and his actors—with a microphone which he would jab under people's noses in order to record their remarks before turning away to vent his own impressions, hyping up the audience with exhortative asides and expressions of glee: "This studio is a terrific place! . . . It's exhilarating! . . . Just so! . . . Perfect! . . . And what does our girl do now! . . ." The effect of all this was to make Wolfe appear not only *involved* but *approving*. So that all the asides, intended as exhortations to the audience to get in there and enjoy the show, were taken as supportive yells to the players themselves: "Get on with it, man! You're beautiful people, doing beautiful things!" . . . But—Ah, my Mature Young Moderns (one can hear Wolfe saying) . . . it isn't as simple as that!

This state of affairs held steady for some time, but something had to give eventually, as it had with Mencken. In Mencken's case, the popular mood simply passed him by in the Thirties, and he made no more effort to catch up to it than he had made to let it catch up to him in the first place. But with Wolfe, who continues to be widely read even as he is loudly cursed, the thing is a good deal more complicated.

WHAT HAS happened, I suspect, is that as the spectacular activities of the Sixties have faded, Wolfe has directed his attention increasingly from American behavior toward the American mind. And of course, to the extent that he has done so, that little engine, his thesis, has consumed the quasi-fictional ingredients of his stories—taken over the works. Which in turn has had the effect of exposing directly his ideas and prejudices, which now stand forth explicitly in the pink frankness of their birthday suits. The process has not been precipitous: it's quite a few years now since Wolfe published his exposé of *The New Yorker*, and mugged Leonard Bernstein and company in *Radical Chic. But* with *The Painted Word* (1975) and *Mauve Gloves & Madmen*, the tributary seems to have become the mainstream.

Although to evaluate the seachange properly one must compare *Mauve Gloves* with the previous collection of Wolfe's short pieces, *The Pump House Gang* (1968), even in the present volume, compiled from articles written over the space of several years, the trend is clearly discernible. In "The Truest Sport: Jousting with Sam and Charlie," which first appeared in *Esquire* a couple of years ago and concerns two U.S. Navy pilots engaged in bombing missions over North Vietnam, Wolfe is still operating chiefly as a storyteller. While it is obvious that the author is sympathetic toward his pilots —which was quite enough for a lot of reviewers of *Mauve Gloves*—one is left to deduce his opinion of the Vietnam War from such passages as that in which he describes the countenance of Kingman Brewster as "a strong face gone flaccid, plump as a piece of chicken Kiev."

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But observe now Wolfe's direct remarks in an article—an *essay*, I should say, studded with New Journalism anecdotes—that was published for the first time only last summer in *Harper's* and entitled "The Intelligent Co-ed's Guide to America": ". . . The literary world in general ignored him completely. In the huge unseen coffin that Solzhenitsyn towed behind him were not only the souls of the *zeks* who died in the Archipelago. No, the heartless bastard had also chucked in one of the last great visions: the intellectual as the Stainless Steel Socialist glistening against the bone heap of capitalism in its final, brutal, fascist phase. There was a bone heap, all right, and it was grisly beyond belief, but socialism had created it." Right out of the closet, prancing naked! The mail poured into the offices of *Harper's*, and out of them again on its way to Tom Wolfe. For this, the *New York Times Book Review* sicked Thomas B. Hess—*New York*'s art critic and hence Wolfe's very own colleague—on the reprobate, and ran a photograph of the arctic-eyed *Canis lupus* to illustrate his review of *Mauve Gloves & Madmen*.

THE IRONIC truth is that, whereas Mencken's animadversions upon the American scene in the Thirties were diametrically opposed to the pieties of the majority of the American clerisy in those years, Wolfe's vision of the Seventies as a period of apathetic decadence is second cousin to that expressed by our nostalgic men of the Left, who bewail the passing of the decade of cussedness and concern. And Wolfe has set down—in the clear, blunt, unveiled prose of a long essay entitled "The Me Decade and the Third Great Awakening"—the measure of his indictment of contemporary American culture. He is plainly appalled by the superficially variegated but fundamentally redundant phenomena of est and Esalen—"lube jobs for the personality"; by the impertinent impatience with the givens of human existence—" 'If I have only one life, let me live it as a ————!' (you have only to fill in the blank)"; by the pseudo-religious impulses that cause the faithful to "split off from one another to seek ever more perfect and refined crucibles in which to fan the Divine Spark . . . and to *talk about Me*." So far, all this sounds like Peter Marin writing a diatribe against social selfishness for publication in *Harper's*. But here, as George Ade liked to say, the fable begins to differentiate.

Wolfe is not only out pinching Babbitts in terry-cloth *après*-sauna suits. Something more sinister is going on! Wolfe is being corrosively ironic! Sure, the affluent society has its unpleasant aspects. But look who's complaining! Remember how the enlightened folk of the Thirties and Forties used to dream of liberating the "common man" from the sweaty toil of a class-ridden industrial society? They had visions of that "common man" lounging around in Harris tweed jackets and flannel trousers, smoking pipes and buying Mies van der Rohe furniture to stick in his Bauhaus-design Federal Housing Project apartment. But only see how *that* dream panned out! ". . . Once the dreary little bastards started getting money in the 1940s, they did an astonishing thing—they took their money and ran! . . . One can't even call workingmen 'blue collar' any longer. They all have on collars like Joe Namath's or Walt Frazier's. They all have on $35 superstar Qiana sportshirts with elephant collars and 1940s Airbrush Wallpaper Flowers Buncha Grapes & Seashell designs all over them." In other words: "They did something only aristocrats (and intellectuals and artists) were supposed to do—they discovered and started doting on Me!" (And they couldn't even do *that* in tasteful fashion.) So then . . . Wolfe is really *laughing* . . . at *us*! The worm has turned! It's a double-edged sword! Oh the slimy traitorous anti-intellectual *right-winger*!

THAT'S IT, you see. In becoming ever more the intellectual historian, Wolfe lost none of his interest in manners, in people. Thus, in pondering Ideas, he probed also into the psyches of the producers of those Ideas, in the course of which investigation he applied the well-known principles of the Sociology of Knowledge—their very own concept, formerly considered applicable only to bankers, generals, and the kept intellectuals of the Church and State—to the intellectuals themselves. Which is to say, Wolfe adapted his old theories of status competition to *la vie intellectuelle*, quite as if the Idea Boys patronize the expensive concepts of Professor John Kenneth Galbraith or the editorial product of Mr. Robert Silvers for reasons similar to those for which Mrs. Wolfram Wiener Fischbein, whose husband recently made a killing in condominium real estate and moved to Park Avenue, patronizes Amanda Burden's *couturier*.

But that's not the end of it. At bottom, Wolfe is challenging the American Intellectual's vision of himself as the besieged Natural Aristocrat, who, prompted by a superior moral vision buttressed by the sterling self-confidence of the genuine elite, has withdrawn from his native land into psychic exile. The concept of the American Intellectual as an object of persecution, Wolfe argues, can be made to sound plausible only by appeal to a rhetorical device that he calls the great Adjectival Catch Up. Europe has real fascism? We have social fascism. They have real genocide? We have cultural genocide. Asia has genuine poverty? We have relative poverty—the Other America. And if the European Intellectual risks repression for speaking out against atrocity, the American Intellectual risks something Herbert Marcuse calls "repressive tolerance" (which, though it sounds like one of Dr. Benjamin Spock's child-care prescriptions, actually stands for something supposedly dreadful). Still, the myth of persecution makes him *feel important*, and so the charade continues.

As for the confident defiance that the American Intellectual offers to the combined forces of Wall Street and the Social Register—well, Wolfe nicely demolishes *that* myth in "Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine," the title story of the present collection. Here we have a middle-aged, best-selling author dressed in a turtleneck and double-X Levis, sitting in his co-op apartment on Riverside Drive and trying to get down to work on his latest book: "Recession and Repression; Police State America and the Spirit of '76." But before he can get on with the job, he must engage in a bit of creative foreplay: figuring out on his pocket calculator the cost of the co-op,

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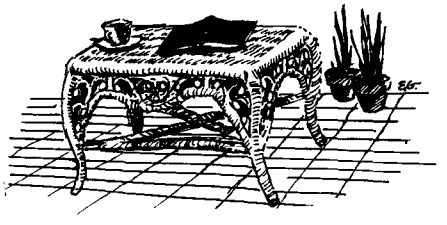
the house on Martha's Vineyard and the attendant social perquisites, a year's subscription to the Dalton School, the hand-made English shoes at $248 the pair . . . And remembering his first uppercrust, Back Bay Boston cocktail party out on the Vineyard last summer, at which he turned up wearing an embroidered white cotton Fruit Western shirt and "with his resentment tucked into his waistband like a .38"—only to have his hostess come up and make a fuss over him. She'd read his book! . . . "And as the sun went down over the ocean, and the alcohol rose, and their basted teeth glistened—he could almost see something . . . *presque vu*! . . . a glimmer of the future . . . something he could barely make out . . . a vision in which America's best minds, her intellectuals, found a common ground, a natural unity, with the enlightened segments of her old aristocracy, her old money . . . the two groups bound together by . . . but by what? . . . he could almost see it, but not quite . . . it was somehow a matter of taste . . . of sensibility . . . of grace, natural grace . . ."



Wolfe has devoted a career to the observation and cataloguing of a million variegated vanities. Now, however, it appears that he's being jumped by some of those players in the human comedy whose performance he is currently reviewing. Nothing enrages our egalitarian intelligentsia like a charge of vanity leveled against them—especially when that charge conveys a suggestion that that vanity is not the innocent effervescence of "natural grace" but the outward sign of a social inferiority complex expressing itself, like any parvenu realtor's, in vulgar status games. That accusation strikes not only at insincere pretensions, but at the darkest and most powerfully repressed fears.

(Did you know, by the by, why Bob Silvers at *The New York Review of Books* speaks the ways he does? . . . "His accent arrived mysteriously one day in a box from London. Intrigued, he slapped it into his mouth like a set of false teeth. It seemed . . . *right*.") □

Sociology as an Art Form
By Robert Nisbet
Oxford, 160 pp., hardcover, $7.95; paperbound, $2.50

GENIUS REDUX

KARL O'LESSKER

Serious books have a way of raising questions their authors may never have intended to raise or may even have actively wished to avoid. Whichever is true of Professor Nisbet in this elegant little book, a jewel-like example of "sociology as an art form," it is clear that the questions he does not address are a good deal weightier than those he does.

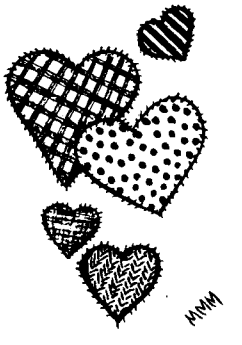
First let me say what the book is intentionally about. Three separate but related propositions lie at its heart: first, the wellsprings of inspiration in science and art are very similar; second, the greatest of modern sociological concepts are products of intuition and vision rather than of textbook-style "scientific method"; and third, contemporary insistence on "scientific method" and "theory construction" acts as a leaden weight on the sociological imagination. The first of these is too familiar to bear discussion. Indeed, so much of Nisbet's first chapter is a collection of quotes from so many aestheticians and scientists in support of it, I found myself wondering why he felt constrained to prove what is evidently a truism.

The largest part of the book is given over to an elaboration of the second proposition, that the great ideas of nineteenth century social thought grew out of imaginative leaps, flashes of insight and vision, similar in nature to those that artists are commonly understood to enjoy. Examples of these ideas, or "themes," include the horrors of industrialism, the loss of community, the rise of bureaucracy. And the sociologists presented them, Nisbet argues, much as artists might have done, in the (metaphorical) form of "landscapes" and "portraits." Moreover, great artists (painters like Daumier, novelists like Dickens) and great social theorists (Marx, Tocqueville, Toennies, among others) all worked with the same raw materials, the conditions of man in industrializing Europe. "I have stressed the fact," Nisbet says, "that sociology is an art form, drawing inspiration from the same basic sources as literature and painting in the nineteenth century. But with equal truth we can describe a great deal of literature and other art of the age as imaginative forms of sociology."

This is a far less striking idea than it might at first appear. Indeed, upon examination it turns out to look suspiciously like a tautology. For if you exclude the few important writers and painters of that era who did *not* address themselves to large social questions—Delacroix, for example, or Jane Austen—you are left with those who did. And if they painted and wrote about such matters, how could they help but work with the same materials as social theorists? How could their artistic product *not* be described as "imaginative forms of sociology"?

OF COURSE there is a great deal of marvelous stuff throughout these pages. The writing is almost invariably graceful, the illustrations of sociological "portraits" and "landscapes" as apt as they are provocative. And it is no small favor to be put in touch, by a literate and sensitive intermediary, with minds of the greatness of Tocqueville's, Marx's, Simmel's, Toennies', Durkheim's, and Weber's, the last four of whom are scarcely household names, even among the educated.

But I return to my starting point, the problem of unraised questions. For surely the question buried deepest in this part of Nisbet's argument is an epistemological one: How do we get reliable knowledge about society? Tiptoeing around it, Nisbet proposes the familiar dichotomy between the great intuitive vision of the artist/sociologist and the unimaginative fact-grubbing of most contemporary academic sociologists. But Nisbet has hardly finished excoriating the fact-grubbers and their nasty computers when he shows (in another context) how the wretched fellows correctly demolished one of the great intuitive visions of the nineteenth century artist/sociologists—the vision of "these dark satanic mills" and all the horrors of industrialism. What the wearisome



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statistical studies of our own century show clearly enough is that, grim as factory conditions were in the newborn industrial age, they enabled most people to achieve a far higher standard of living than ever they could have hoped for in rural circumstances.

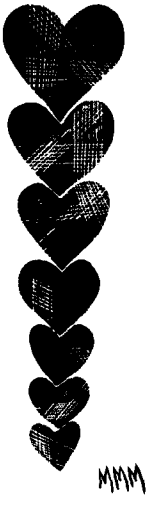
Nisbet reports all this fairly enough and assents to the present-day view of the case, but he declines to consider its epistemological implications. It is all well and good to show that the greatest sociologists of the last century proceeded by the intuitive leaps and bounds of the artist. It is quite another matter to show that their intuitions brought them (and us) reliable knowledge about what was going on in their realm of inquiry.

This, in turn, leads to the third of his theses, which takes the form of a disdainful, more-in-sorrow kind of attack on all those fact-grubbers, number-smashers, theory-constructors, and computer-addicts who litter the social science landscape today. Implicit in his condemnation of them is the notion that men of great vision and insight would find no welcome in contemporary social science. Is this true? The most obvious refutation is found in Nisbet's own career, culminating in his present position as holder of one of the most prestigious and distinguished endowed chairs in America. And this he has achieved without, so far as I know, ever having run a correlation or set foot in a computer lab. Nor, I think, would men of the quality of Durkheim or Weber be any less honored in most universities. To be sure, there are several grave infections festering in the corpus of the social sciences today, but it makes no sense to indict those sciences for being short on geniuses.

Here, the unraised question has to do with the prevalence and impact of *careerism* on the profession. Universities are crammed with people for whom social science is a way of making a living. Men and women who for the most part are not very gifted, not even very intelligent, least of all creative, whose overmastering ambition has been to avoid the drudgery of business—often their own fathers'—have discovered the good life in Academe. Not in the physical sciences, of course, which are fearfully hard, but in the social sciences, which have the advantage of being not only intellectually soft but environmentally congenial to young people of Left-liberal political disposition.

There is nothing very surprising about this. Given American society's expansive commitment to higher education for almost anyone who wants it, universities, especially public universities, *had* to grow to monumental proportions, and their social science departments with them. And they had to be staffed. And inevitably faculty quality had to be diluted. Yet at the very same time the pressures toward "productive scholarship" were increasing immensely, with the dread *diktat* "publish or perish" holding sway even in second- and third-rate state universities, most of them recently converted from teachers' colleges. Heaven help us, what *is* there to write about, to fill so many thousands of scholarly-journal pages with every year? Hence the proliferation of research trivia. Hence too the grotesque misapprehensions, to which Nisbet rightly directs acid comment, about the nature of scientific inquiry which so abound in "methodology" textbooks and courses.

As in schools of education, so too in social science departments, people of less and less talent are striving harder and harder to justify their professional existence. Thus the dominant characteristics of social science today derive from the economics and (if I may) sociology of an affluent, communications-ridden society. All this, finally, is why the normative elements of Nisbet's little book can have absolutely no influence on the conduct of sociology as an academic discipline. If the book itself is an example of sociology as an art form, it is surely art for art's sake, because all the tens of thousands of people who are making a living doing social science can hardly afford to sit around waiting for inspiration to strike.



The rest of us, however, may wish to take a more sanguine view of the matter than Nisbet allows himself. The problem is not too many fact-grubbers but too few geniuses—a circumstance not peculiar to our own unhappy age. Meanwhile we can read Nisbet's lovely little book with the same sort of pleasure we derive from a well-told story or a fine painting, a pleasure sensuous as well as intellectual, and be duly grateful for sociology's continuing, if infrequent, gifts. □

FICTION

The Widow's Children
By Paula Fox
Dutton, 224 pp., $8.95

PAINTED VEILS

RENE KUHN BRYANT

The intelligence and sensibility in which Paula Fox's fiction is steeped sets it distinctively apart. Moreover, her narrative skills are considerable, her dialogue is engaging and authentic, and an appealingly wicked humor often glints beneath the appraisal of one of the characters who crowd her pages. Having said this, one cannot help fretting that her latest novel, *The Widow's Children*, leaves behind a great sense of dissatisfaction. For although she displays in it all the qualities that have distinguished her earlier novels, somehow, in *The Widow's Children*, they do not combine to the same striking effect as before. In fact, they do not combine at all, which may be part of the problem.

A MORE significant part may lie in the nature of the people who pass through this story. On the whole, they are a wearisome lot, far too self-absorbed to be able to respond dramatically to each other. Yet it is their effect on one another that provides the focus of the book and that should—but doesn't—provide the momentum of the plot as well. Mrs. Fox's interest lies in an examination of the nature of the family's claims on the individuals who compose it. But the family she has created for this purpose, although linked by birth and chained to the same disabling memories, is not up to her intentions. Its members are not just improbable, singly and as a group; they are unusable as a lens through which the reader may scrutinize either the society or himself. The book suffers an additional handicap: its story is told from no single viewpoint but from several simultaneously, a device which, in this case, serves only to dissipate the

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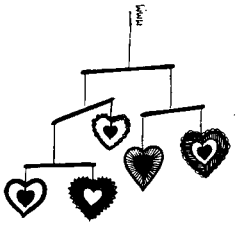
reader's sympathies. With everyone talking at once, points are hard to make and meanings are apt to get lost in the babble.

A family gathering in a hotel room in New York supplies the opening set for *The Widow's Children*. Laura Maldonada Clapper, who dominates all around her by alternating between a glowing charm and shrewish quarrelsomeness, is in New York briefly for one of her infrequent visits. She is accompanied by her second husband, Desmond, a weak and rather stupid man, now sunken into alcoholism. For a farewell party before her departure on a vacation trip to Africa, Laura has summoned her only child, Clara—enigmatic, unmarried, and pale of personality; her two brothers, Eugenio—who declines the invitation—and Carlos, an aging homosexual adept at irony but not much else; and Peter Rice, an editor in a publishing house and one of Laura's oldest admirer-antagonists.

Missing from the gathering is Alma, Laura's mother, confined now to a nursing home and seldom seen by any of her family. As the evening progresses, however, memories of Alma—drenched in guilt and unexplained resentment—are woven through the conversation. The tempo of talk quickens and slackens as drink follows drink in heedless succession until finally, in what is one of the novel's rare moments of action, the group is abruptly shattered by Laura's sudden, drunken exit from their midst, alone.



It is a denouement that is altogether baffling until, much later, shaken and sober, Laura tells Desmond that Alma has died. The call had come just before the group had assembled and, in a rush of blind instinct, Laura had made the decision to behave as if the call had never come. Now, having confessed to Desmond, Laura is at a loss to explain her reaction but insists the others must be told at once. She will not do it nor will she allow Desmond to be her messenger, a stand he accepts thankfully. It falls to Peter Rice, the onlooker, to confront the members of the family with the announcement of death.

The Widow's Children ends at Alma's graveside. Peter has brought Clara to the funeral in opposition to the wishes of Laura who, inexplicably, had insisted that Clara, alone among the family, was not even to be told of her grandmother's death. There is a brief, inconclusive exchange between Laura and Peter, stirring within him a long-lost childhood memory which he now perceives as precisely relevant and strongly significant, but it is a relevance that eludes even the most attentive reader. It is a cryptic conclusion to a cryptic book, a book with much to recommend it, but one whose deepest meaning seems to have been buried under too many levels of implication. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE WALLPAPER FOX, *by Morris Philipson (Scribner's, 228 pp., $7.95).* For his 49th birthday, Kate Warner gives her husband, Henry, a New Haven blueblood and owner of Tiffany's, an eighteenth century handpainted wallpaper depicting a fox-hunt. They are an American couple who have everything: money-position-looks-taste, friends with the same, even separate bedrooms that keep sex, after twenty years and three children, as ready, raunchy, and reckless as ever. Why, then, does this fulfilled man risk everything, needlessly, by pocketing certain huge, illicit—if "victimless"—profits that circumstances send his way? Swiftly, other cracks in the Golden Bowl appear. Kate, a fanatic of personal integrity, the child of two political idealists, sufferers for causes—the only losers in this tale of What's Wrong with Winning—nevertheless has kept one dirty secret. When Henry married her, he knew that she was pregnant by another man, but she let him think the man was her husband, dead in Korea. Would they have had the same joyful, lustful twenty years together if she had told him the shabby truth, that the man simply walked out on her, thereby diminishing her value in her own eyes as well as in his? Her son by that man, 19-year-old Jonathan, out on a sex-and-drugs Saturday night, commits a fatal hit-and-run accident; the victim is a boy like himself, a friend, out on a similar binge. Will it bring back the dead boy if Jonathan gives himself up, possibly ruining his life and shattering his family? The victim's father, unable to concede the senselessness of the death, the incoherence of life itself, turns frantically to religious atonement: My son died because of my sins. Only that way can it make sense. Henry Warner's cheating, like Jonathan's "flying" his car without lights on a dark road, expresses a complementary need: to bring back to the overly cushioned life the keenness, the intensity that the hunted fox tastes when the jaws of death are closing upon him. Morris Philipson's first novel, *Bourgeois Anonymous*, dealt with the major preoccupation of our drop-out Sixties, with freedom through a new self-definition. His *Wallpaper Fox*—set in June 1974, when impeachment hung in the air because men of unprecedented power had needed to test themselves, gratuitously risking everything by performing inexplicably juvenile dirty tricks—illustrates

some of the ways—and the reasons why—we continue to be simultaneously overfed and undernourished, overripe and green, overprotected and chronically unsure of ourselves. The book is at the very least a superior entertainment for the thoughtful, as well as a swift, no-fudging narrative by a writer it is always rewarding to rediscover. SOPHIE WILKINS

ARMS FOR THE ARABS: *The Soviet Union and the War in the Middle East, by John D. Glassman (Johns Hopkins, 243 pp., $12.50).* "War is an instrument of policy," Clausewitz wrote. One sometimes wonders despondently if anyone at West Point—or in the State Department, for that matter—has ever heard of Clausewitz. But the Kremlin leaders from 1917 to the present have. A demonstration of how well they have grasped his maxim is furnished by John Glassman in his illuminating, if occasionally repetitious, study of Soviet arms and aims in the Middle East. Though himself a Foreign Service career officer, Mr. Glassman has read his Clausewitz. And he knows that the aim of Soviet foreign policy has always been the destruction of the non-Communist West. Lenin spoke of temporary accommodations with the capitalist world; in the Thirties there was the United Front whitewash; and now there is detente. But the ultimate goal has never varied. As Mr. Glassman explains, "the dilemma of balancing detente against support of the 'progressive' movement, or peaceful coexistence against revolution, has been a longstanding concern of Soviet foreign policy. While emphases on one or the other policy pole have come and gone, the Soviet leadership has never completely abandoned concurrent pursuit of both goals. This dualistic policy has forced Moscow to measure and limit its actions carefully." *Arms for the Arabs* elucidates the process of Soviet balancing and restraint in arming Egypt and other Arab countries in the last two decades. Moscow's aim of destroying the Western position in the Middle East has always had to be balanced by Moscow's need of the West, whether for its grain or for its computers. So the Russian arming of Egypt has been a process of testing. How far can

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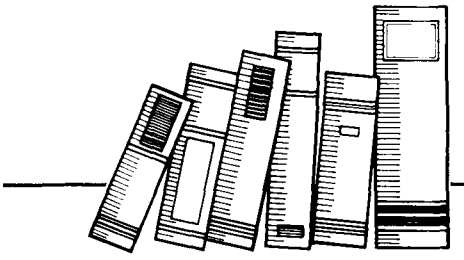

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

NOT THAT anybody wants to hear about it, but the struggle for the world is currently being waged in sub-Saharan Africa.

With the fall of Angola and Mozambique, the eastern and western flanks of the subcontinent are fairly secure in Marxist hands. The Soviets and their friends are well positioned to close the pincers on Rhodesia and South Africa, and are proceeding to do exactly that. The level of guerrilla terror against Rhodesia is steadily building, in sync with a global chorus of billingsgate.

The degree of Communist involvement in all of this is spelled out at length by Al J. Venter in *The Zambesi Salient* (Devin-Adair, $12.50). Venter, an experienced military-political writer based in Pretoria, gives a factual, close-up view of "national liberation" war as it has been waged in Angola, Mozambique, and Rhodesia, and details the extent of Soviet, Chinese, and East European Communist complicity in the fighting.

To pick a few examples: Frelimo, the Marxist faction that seized power in Mozambique, was equipped with Soviet, Czech, and Chinese Communist weapons, including AK-47 and SKS carbines, RPG-2 rockets, 60 mm and 82 mm mortars, and 122 mm rockets. The Zimbabwe African National Union, waging guerrilla war against Rhodesia, has numerous cadres trained in China. Other Rhodesian terrorists have been trained in Moscow, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, and various Third World Marxist states.

Add to this the presence of Soviet advisors and Cuban troops, as documented by Walter F. Hahn and Alvin J. Cottrell in *Soviet Shadow over Africa* (University of Miami, $3.95). As of a year ago, according to Swedish sources, as many as 18,000 Cuban troops were in Angola, sent there to save the bacon for the pro-Moscow MPLA. They were joined by 200 Soviet advisors, 600 Soviet tanks and armored vehicles, 100 rocket launchers, and 12 MiG-21s.

All told, Hahn and Cottrell (attached, respectively, to the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis in Cambridge and the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies) estimate that more than 1,700 Soviet advisors were active in central and southern Africa between 1971 and 1975, and that more than 7,000 military personnel from African states were trained in the Soviet Union and other Communist countries.

What's the point? The answer is provided by the authors, and by Lieutenant General Daniel Graham in a luminous foreword: Rhodesia and South Africa are not only the obvious remaining bastions of pro-West sentiment in Africa, they are also vast repositories of strategic mineral wealth, including nickel, chrome, uranium, platinum, vanadium, and other treasures too numerous to mention. Once in charge of these, the Marxists would be nicely situated to deploy a super-OPEC against the West.

THE UNITED STATES, meantime, continues to study its navel, boycott Rhodesia and South Africa, and ponder aid to Mozambique, all in the name of promoting African democracy. As shown by editor Robert Schuettinger and others in *South Africa—The Vital Link* (Council on American Affairs, $5), the argument is preposterous. There is small semblance of majority government in the Organization of African Unity, where 44 of 47 member states are ruled as military fiefdoms or one-party oligarchies. As this study shows, there is more real freedom of the press, political opposition, and the like in the Republic of South Africa than in all the rest of Africa put together.

The authors making these and related points include Senator Carl Curtis, Representative John H. Dent, Dr. James Doran of Catholic University, Dr. William Schneider of the Hudson Institute, Paul Craig Roberts of the Hoover Institution, and General Graham in a return appearance. There are some bright spots here and there, but the net conclusion emerging from these essays is that the United States is helping midwife, in Africa, another disaster for the West. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

SAM LEVENSON:

Panic Button

We are getting to the point where the man who is sent to jail will forfeit his number and be given a name to distinguish him from free men. Man's days are numbered and modern man, like his ancestors, will die when his number comes up.

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CHALFONT

(Continued from page 203)

time, to propose programs of rearmament; and when economic pressures become heavy, the easiest target for retrenchment is the military establishment. Yet none of the housing, medical, or social-welfare programs will be of any use in the long term unless Western governments are prepared to provide effective and adequate security forces to defend their political systems against attack—whether from outside or from within. If Western countries continue to try to cut their defense budgets while that of the Soviet Union is increasing every year, the ultimate decline of the West cannot be long delayed.

Much could be done, however, even without much extra cost, to improve the efficiency of NATO's existing defenses. Standardization of equipment, specialization in national arms production, and harmonization of tactical and strategic doctrines might seem too obvious even to need mentioning. And yet NATO, in the 27 years of its existence, has signally failed to make more than marginal advances in any of these fields. The deployment of NATO troops is still based upon the adventitious arrangement of postwar occupation zones and bears little relation to the demands of an effective defense. Yet no one seems willing or able to correct the situation.

Finally, the defensive strategy of the Alliance is based upon an illusion. The principle of flexible response requires that NATO forces should be able to meet aggression at any level with a suitable riposte. The fact is that the conventional defenses have been allowed to deteriorate to such an extent that the ability to repel anything but a comparatively minor reconnaissance now depends on the early use of nuclear weapons. The fallacy of the "tactical" nuclear battle still blinds many military planners to the somber truth that, in the era of the second-strike capability, American, French, or British nuclear weapons are extremely unlikely ever to be used against the Soviet Union unless American, French, or British territory is directly threatened. Unless this truth is appreciated, and NATO force levels and doctrines are reassessed accordingly, the present strategic doctrine provides, in the event of a Soviet attack, only two possible courses of action—suicide or surrender. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 218)

the Russians go? How much can the United States be imposed on? How much will that flaccid giant endure? The answer seems to have been supplied finally in Angola. FRANCIS RUSSELL

HENRY KISSINGER: *The Anguish of Power, by John G. Stoessinger (Norton, 293 pp., $8.95).* The day hasn't arrived yet for big-time studies of Henry Kissinger. For them, we will have to wait until Kissinger is out of public office long enough to permit the necessary research and digestion, and no doubt the most formidable of the volumes to come will be his own. At present he is still part of the ongoing global news, so that writing about him is inevitably more journalism than biography or history, even when the author is a scholarly professor. Books of this appropriate kind were turned out rapidly last year—half a dozen were on the autumn publishing lists. Professor Stoessinger's entry should be read in particular by critics of Kissinger. Stoessinger is an old friend—they met first as fellow students in the Harvard Graduate School—and an avowed admirer. He states frankly that "this book is an effort to redress [the] balance" he thinks has been lost in the "rising chorus of ferocity" against Kissinger that has replaced the earlier extravagant praise. He leads the reader to infer, even where he does not say so explicitly, that many of his accounts of Kissinger's intentions and reflections are based on their private conversation. Stoessinger is thus presenting an apologia, a brief for the defense. The longest section of the book is a coherent and useful review, in chronological order, of the main U.S. foreign-policy episodes during the Kissinger incumbency: Indochina, detente with the Soviet Union, the opening to China, Europe, Third World, Middle East, and a couple of paragraphs on the southern Africa episode that were no doubt inserted while the book was in production. Thus segregated, readers can grade the Kissinger performance in each and calculate the average. (My own ratings, basing myself on Stoessinger's presentation of the facts, range from an A for the Middle East to an F for Indochina.) Stoessinger shows that Kissinger's intended goal in foreign policy is "peace through stability." (He quotes Kissinger in a personal conversation as saying: "If I had to choose between justice and disorder, on the one hand, and injustice and order, on the other, I would always choose the latter.") This surely takes us to the center of the contemporary dialectic: Kissinger's "peace through stability" in Lenin's "epoch of wars and revolutions." JAMES BURNHAM

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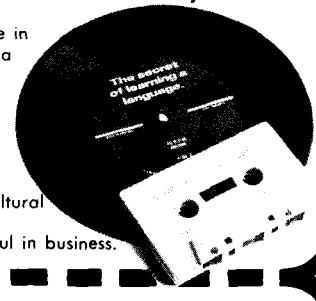

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Carter after a Fortnight

New York, Jan. 31—The general feeling, a week or two having gone by, is that, with a little luck, the Republic will survive a term in office by President Carter. In one respect he is entirely pleasing: he appears to be competent. To be sure, he has not been tried by any international crisis. His only domestic crisis has been handling a *Playboy* interview with himself, and that was before taking office. There is no real training for the exercise of the powers of the Presidency. So that one is never quite certain. Richard Reeves, the talented political journalist, has said that the one thing the American people will not forgive a presidential aspirant is the air of incompetence. This Jimmy Carter does not have. He moved into the White House as calmly as if he had been given a scheduled promotion.

We are blessed, also, that he has not struck out on an ideological expedition, determined to reach Nirvana even if he, and his native bearers, should die in the process. Most of the unreachable goals he has paid only the necessary rhetorical homage to: like the Pope talking every now and again about the unification of the flock. We are not going to see the end of atomic weapons, at least not until someone with powers more miraculous than Mr. Carter's burrows his way into the hearts and minds of the Communists. Nor are we going to see the evanescence of color. When they chase the last white man out of Rhodesia, the white men will still patronize the fancy restaurants in Salisbury, even as they continue to do in Nairobi. General Amin's war against Asiatics will be unaffected by the strictures of Ambassador Andrew Young, and the tribes of Africa will notice a change in Rhodesia only insofar as it makes instantly relevant which of them will prevail. When one of them does, instituting one-man or one-tribe rule, at the UN they will be chattering with satisfaction that "majority rule" has at last come to Rhodesia.

In respect of the economy, Mr. Carter is doing the routine things. It is not widely remembered that during the mid-Thirties John Maynard Keynes wrote a letter to President Roosevelt suggesting Keynesian remedies to cure the depression. Roosevelt, whose academic interests were limited to naval history, either did not understand, or did not pay any attention to, the letter from Britain's dazzling young economist—who got a "thank you so much" letter in reply. Later, Keynes criticized Roosevelt on the grounds that his deficit spending had not been done on a grand enough scale to put the American economy back to work.

Mr. Carter is subject to the same criticism today, and indeed the superannuated labor-union ideologues, who have not learned about the deficiencies of Keynesianism what most of the younger economists have learned, look at Mr. Carter's projected economic program as, like Roosevelt's, insufficient. In fact, Mr. Carter isn't an ideologue, and doesn't believe such witchcraft as got itself anointed into the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill, which the boys in Congress devised as a Valentine to Senator Humphrey when he got sick. But, thank heaven, Hubert is better now, as is the economy, in virtue of a certain resistance to his ministrations.

It is of course a pity that President Carter has not addressed the principal problems of modern America. The high overhead of overweening federal ambition and power. The lamentable authority of the courts over questions of social morality. The hard drive of the Soviet superpower to achieve what has aptly been labeled as the Finlandization of the spirit. One of these days, and it is bound to happen soon, the Soviet Ambassador is going to look Carter in the face, smile as broadly as Carter ever did, and, in answer to a most reasonable proposal, say: No. What, then will President Carter do? Will he commit mayhem against the Soviets in his heart? Remember, he has promised not to lie to us.

Accordingly, we must wait and see. Some of the concrete measures Mr. Carter is taking, for instance in the economy, are mistaken. But costly though they will prove, they are genial mistakes, so to speak, sins of the flesh, not of the spirit. And conservatives are obliged to remind themselves that, after all, we did lose the election. □

RHODESIAN EXCESS *New York*, Jan. 28—It will require a little digestion fully to understand the implications of Mr. Andrew Young's friendly invitation to black South Africans to come on over to America to receive training in how to take over power in South Africa. What kind of training does he propose to give them? Training in the niceties of democracy? But if that is the point, he might as well undertake to train black Africans who live in the forty other African states with other than democratic arrangements. If Mr. Young is saying that the United States should select South Africa as the single country in the world within which we seek nowadays to foment revolution against the ruling class, a) he ought to say what are the measures he backs for the liberation of the black majority; and b) somewhere along the line, Jimmy Carter should get into the act.

Suddenly, the American people seem to have lost any public concern about the tolerable means of achieving political ends. We all deplore, in retrospect, the institution of slavery, countenanced in the United States until just over one hundred years ago. But there was never any sympathy—until quite recently—with the revolt of Nat Turner, or with other such revolts. No sympathy with the notion that it was tolerable, in order to further a political end, to take women, children, or for that matter men, and torture them to death, in order to justify the random strategic purposes of liberation.

Did Vietnam change that? Or was it Algeria? In both countries, it became routine to use terrorism against the civil population for the sake of making a political point. We used to recoil in horror, even as we did on learning about the exploits of the Mau Mau. But the Algerians went on to earn their independence, and the North Vietnamese went on to humble the United States and force themselves upon the South Vietnamese; and the strange ethic of success followed, pleading retroactively the justification of terrorism.

We begin nowadays to judge acts of terrorism almost as if in anticipation of their success, which is why—one assumes—our former ambassador to the United

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Nations Mr. William Scranton found himself justifying terrorism as an instrument of liberation a year ago.

Consider recent events in Rhodesia. A few days before Christmas, two dozen terrorists from neighboring Mozambique entered a compound in Rhodesia in the early evening, rounded up all the men, women, and children they could find, stripped them of possessions and of their clothing, marched them to a lighted factory building a kilometer's distance away, separated the women and children from the men (noblesse oblige!), forced the men to lie on the ground, and then sprayed bullets through their bodies within eyeshot of wives and children. Score: nine Mozambique nationals, eight Malawi nationals, ten Rhodesians dead, 11 wounded. International protests were minimal.

The dispatches tell us that Mr. Ian Smith and other Rhodesian officials are plagued by bitter personal feelings toward the British delegation. For some reason this does not entirely surprise me. The British asked for, and got from most of the West, cooperation in their diplomatic offensive in protest against apartheid in Rhodesia—the same sort of thing that was a way of life in the South of the United States until about 15 years ago.

Now they do nothing to express convincing indignation over the acts of terrorism being used against Rhodesians by neighboring blacks who, if truth be told, have only just now discovered the issue of human rights and democracy. There is, moreover, abundant evidence that the discovery of human rights is something they have been taught by Communist missionaries. Most of the ammunition fired at the massacre in the Honde Valley in eastern Rhodesia turns out to have been manufactured in the Soviet Union, which has ammunition left over after shooting all the East Germans who seek to escape to West Germany. Why should Ian Smith take seriously the moralisms preached by the British under the circumstances?

I WOULD guess that Rhodesia will go down. And I am not all that certain that it ought not to go down under the complex circumstances of its existence. But are there grounds for taking moral satisfaction in how it is being brought down? Does anyone suppose that the regime that will replace Ian Smith's will bring about an appreciation of human rights? The hypocrisy of almost every international adventure of the United States is so dismaying as to encourage all the latent isolationism in the American system. We have never been worse off than when answering the summons to moralize all over the world. We are doing this in Rhodesia and, if Mr. Andrew Young has his way, we shall be doing this in South Africa; and—wait and see—for the benefit, primarily, of the Marxists. □

THE GREAT AMERICAN GUN WAR

New York, Jan. 24—Once every great while one comes across a stretch of prose which, ever so calmly and resolutely, picks one up off the ground, and orients one over toward where the sun is really shining. This happened to me on reading in the Fall issue of *The Public Interest* (10 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022) an article by Mr. B. Bruce-Briggs, a literate economist. Up until then I was moving toward what might be called creeping acquiescence in the matter of gun-control legislation. Mr. B-B has changed all that in his serene, exhaustive, scholarly inquiry into what he calls "The Great American Gun War."

To let you in on his conclusion, even though it is to deprive you of the exhilarating analytical narrative: he finds that, really, there is practically no correlation between gun control and crime control. One by one he goes down the popular superstitions on the subject, like John Wayne beginning at one end of the town dominated by the outlaws, and on reaching the other end, every one of them is quite unmistakably dead. It is a pity, of course, because it would have been fun to end violent crime by simply scooping up forty million handguns. But we shall have to come up with a more complicated way of dealing with the problem.

The first thing to bear in mind is that regional, racial, and cultural factors "completely swamp the effects of gun-control laws." It is frequently pointed out that in England, in Switzerland, and in Japan, violent crimes involving firearms are virtually unknown—because there are strict gun-control laws in those countries. Who has not heard that cliché, or been unmoved by it?

But pause. Why do they say "England" rather than "Great Britain"? Because to do so would require us to take stock of the violence by firearms in Ulster, and that would shake up the figures. In Switzerland, there are 600,000 loaded rifles kept in individual homes—pursuant to the tradition of the well-ordered militia. But the Swiss simply do not have a penchant for shooting at each other. In Japan, where there is very strict gun control, there are very few gun-inflicted violent crimes. But —among Japanese-Americans, the figures show even less such crime, notwithstanding the profusion of guns.

Although it is correct that most Americans who have guns use them for sport, a great number of them—35 per cent—acknowledge that they keep guns for the purpose of self-defense. Now it is true that a gun-in-the-house can cause death: an outraged wife might use it against her husband in passion, or a robber, spotting the gun, might fire to abort being fired at. But intra-family crime is virtually impossible to regulate. If you took away Lizzie Borden's axe, she'd have found something else. As for the robbers, how many of them leave you alone, suspecting that a loaded gun might greet them upon entering? (If Larry O'Brien had been armed, Nixon would still be President.) In the South, which is heavily armed, the burglary rate is lower than elsewhere. Moreover, how do you weigh the social value of the serenity achieved by those who have guns at home?

AND AS A practical matter, no one argues that the professional criminal class will be either deprived of the means of getting a handgun, or even greatly discouraged from using a handgun for such operations as require it: because a criminal will tend to weight the marginal utility of a gun on the job, not the stretched-out sentence for carrying one.

Professor Arthur Schlesinger has amused himself, and us, with the notion that American gun owners are masking their sexual impotence. Mr. Bruce-Briggs loves that one. "When queried about the source of this suspicion, he responded that he thought it was a cliché. Such statements never cite sources because there are no sources. Every mention of the phallic-narcissist theory assumes it is well known, but there is no study or even credible psychoanalytical theory making the point. The germ of the idea derives from the tenth lecture in Sigmund Freud's *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, where he maintains that guns can symbolize the penis in dreams—as can sticks, umbrellas, trees, knives, sabers, water faucets, pencils, nail files, hammers, snakes, reptiles, fishes, hats and coats, hands, feet, balloons, aeroplanes, and Zeppelins."

But it is true that the great majority of the American people favor gun control. And there is a flare-up of plebiscitary enthusiasm among American liberals, who are less influenced by majoritarianism that favors, e.g., cracking down on obscenity, abortion, and marijuana. Or that favors a return to capital punishment. Concerning this last, there is a nexus. But you must read this splendid analysis by Mr. Bruce-Briggs to find out what it is. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A city nearly midway between Gaza and Joppa — 63 34 155 159 76 222

B. A French general who served in America — 79 227 123 105 17 200 156 160 147

C. A peninsula in Southeast Asia — 83 218 225 99 40 161 68 228 179

D. Where a future president lived from 1831 to 1837 — 87 176 57 109 186 39 206 215

E. Famous man born February 12, 1809 — 107 205 86 117 209 223 27 85 92 152 / 163 170 189

F. A stream almost 1,000 miles long in the U.S. — 127 32 58 124 180 131 10 202 220

G. Inside information on the higher-ups — 134 94 145 15 118 190 42

H. I'M NOT NAIVE — 140 41 187 33 69 169 101 120 211 143

I. Indian tribe in Ala., La., and Miss. — 37 53 67 98 3 47 61

J. Obligated by a solemn attestation of the truth of one's words — 165 216 73 191 16 219 111 100 133

K. *Harry F. Byrd's* occupation — 184 12 112 60 172 164 198 36 126 204

L. Historic site in Washington, D. C., across the street from Ford's Theatre — 81 2 13 21 55 51 90 106 150 195 / 71 115 135

M. The ancient name of Hamadan, Iran — 62 49 89 208 174 221 121 224

N. Another name for a disease named for Tulare County, Calif. — 125 114 6 142 210 149 23 11 46 56 / 64

O. Christopher Morley called his benefactor an infracaninophile — 4 18 70 84 95 8 22 116

P. Aurora Borealis — 148 19 44 59 113 129 137 158 197 203 / 214 25 35 5

Q. Mirrored — 153 226 188 167 54 141

R. Differently — 192 144 175 96 185 52 45 72 178

S. A school subject — 201 38 43 196 102 7 110 24 139 88 / 80

T. Where the Rail-Splitter split hairs as a lawyer — 66 31 74 103 20 122 183 212 14 82 / 97

U. What those who shove are — 119 77 193 182 146 207 177

V. An English actor 1901-_____) — 151 104 157 48 78

W. Receding — 162 93 199 75 217 154

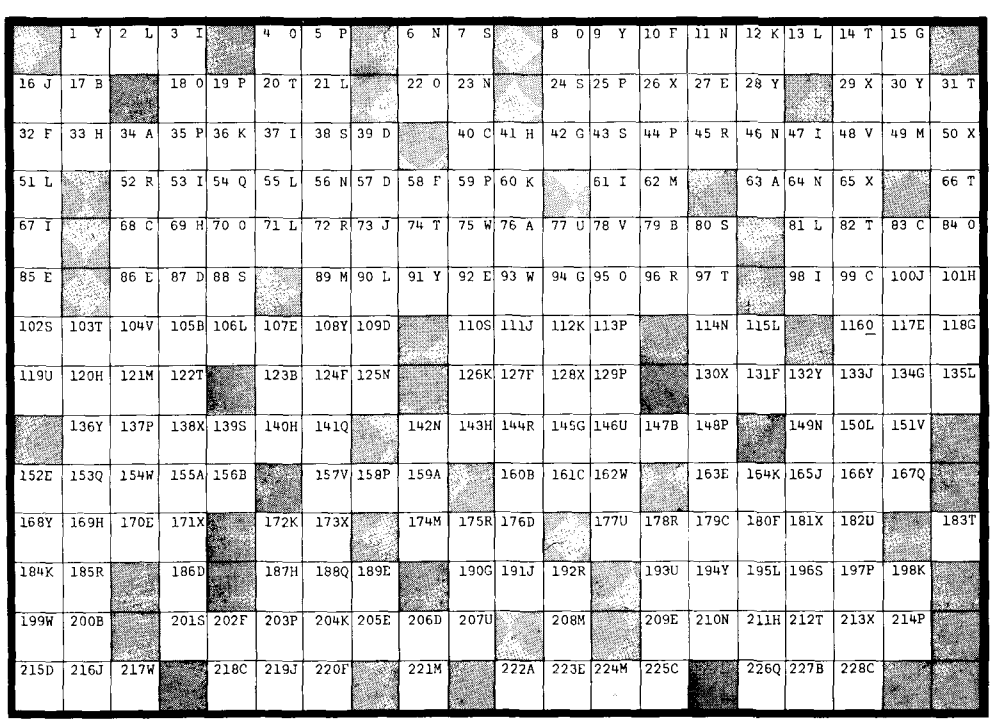
X. Thomas Paine wrote this — 181 26 128 130 138 171 173 65 213 29 / 50

Y. A famous American was born near this place in Kentucky — 194 30 132 136 28 166 168 9 1 91 / 108

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 220 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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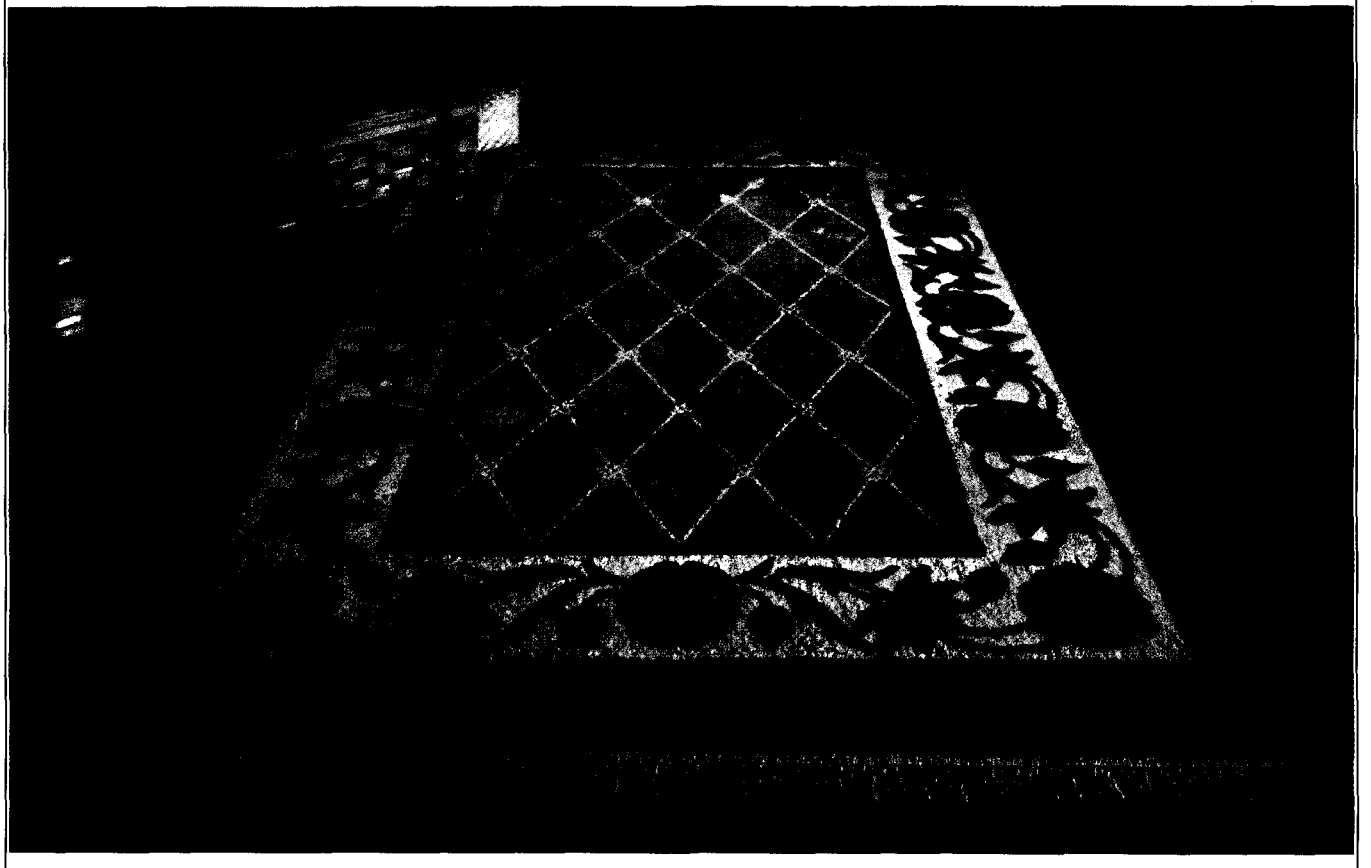

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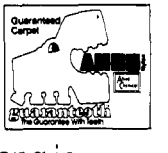
Both rugs are made from 100% Anso Nylon, with a five year wear guarantee. And you can get them in 4x6, 6x9 and 9x12 sizes.



They're beautiful enough to hang in a gallery. And priced low enough to put on your floor.

Milliken area rugs. The most affordable works of art you've ever seen. Or stepped on.

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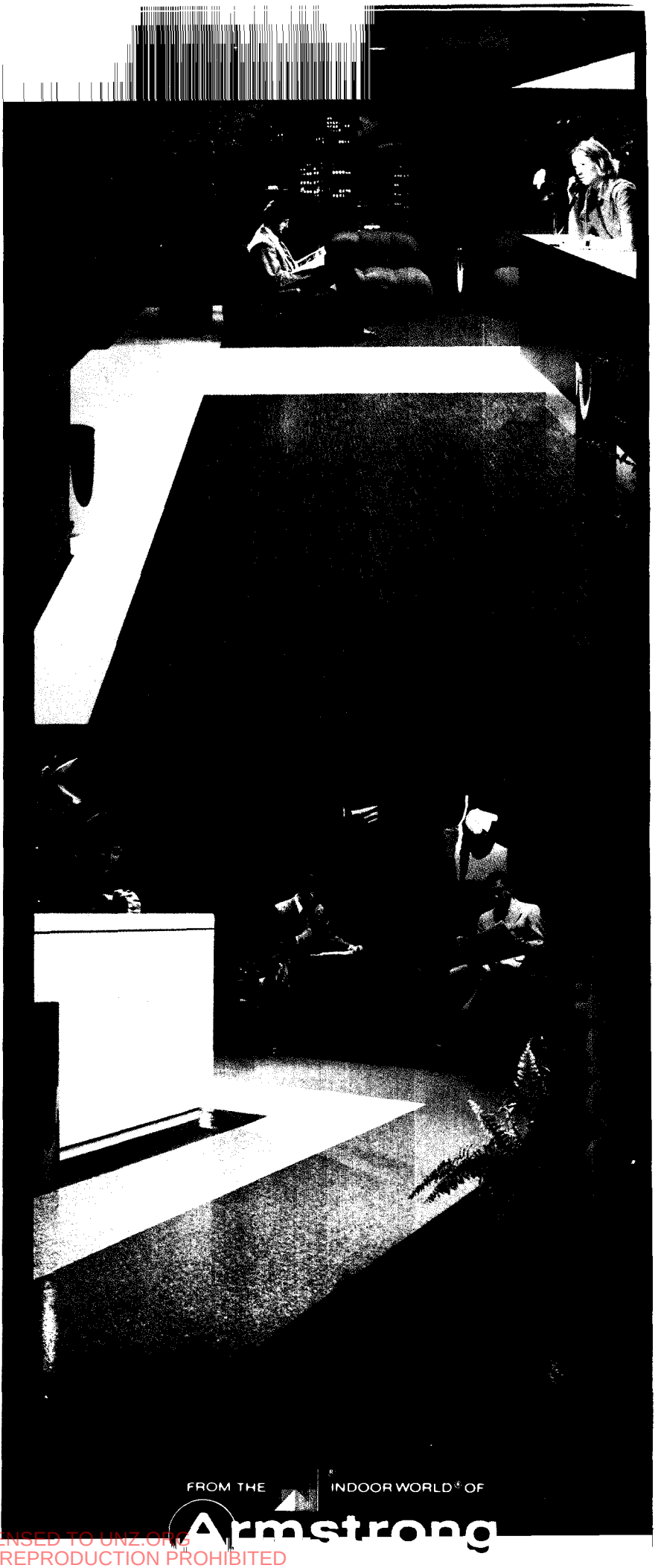
Two Armstrong sheet vinyl floors that make practicality downright luxurious.

When you need a floor that can live a life of hard knocks—without losing its youth, beauty, or composure—you've got not one but two gifted contenders. They're both sheet Vinyl Corlon® from Armstrong. Brigantine® and Quiet Zone® II.

The enduring values of Brigantine (shown at left and bottom right) are handsome good looks and rugged durability. Available in an array of contemporary colors, its inlaid vinyl composition stands up to the constant pounding of feet. And its nonporous surface makes spills and dirt easy to whisk away. Brigantine also gives you a smooth, flowing look because it comes in rolls 6 feet wide and up to 90 feet long that eliminate a lot of seams.

To all these obvious advantages, Quiet Zone II (top right) adds something else. A foam backing that cushions each step and provides an extra measure of both walking comfort and walking quiet. Made in three richly textured patterns and thirteen colors, Quiet Zone II also meets the requirements of the Hill-Burton Act relative to smoke generation and flame spread.

Quiet Zone II and Brigantine. Two beautiful lookers that can do any building proud. Two durable characters that can take on the traffic and hardly show it's there. To learn more, send for a free copy of our "First Family" booklet which describes these and other Armstrong commercial floors. Write Armstrong, 302 Hunter Road, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.



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